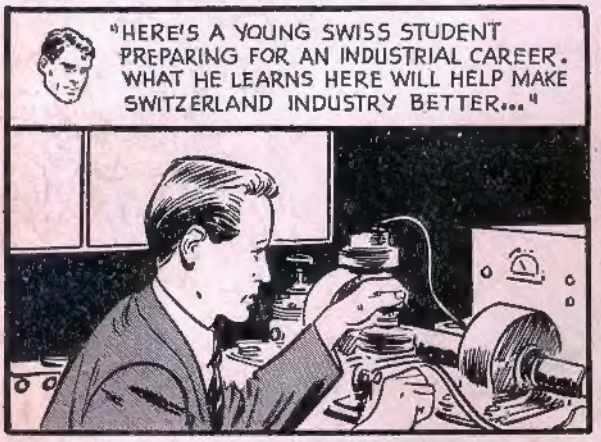
NEW STORIES OF TV AND RADIO'S HIT SHOWS!
NOV. NO.11
10c
BIG TOWN
WILL ACE CRIME REPORTER STEVE WILSON'S BLAZING SCOOP TURN INTO HIS...
"LAST HEADLINE"
?

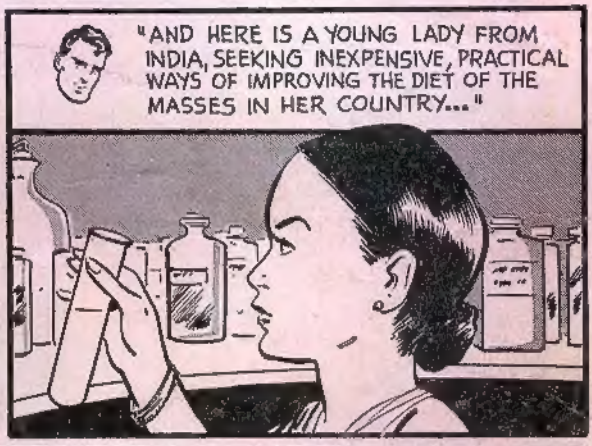
SUPERMAN says: "The WORLD is our SCHOOLROOM!"

THERE GOES JERRY TALBOT— HE'S GOING TO ITALY AS A FOREIGN EXCHANGE STUDENT. WHAT'S THAT ALL ABOUT, ANYHOW?
WE SEND OUR YOUNG FOLKS TO OTHER COUNTRIES, AND FOREIGNERS COME HERE. DURNED NONSENSE, I CALL IT!
IS IT?

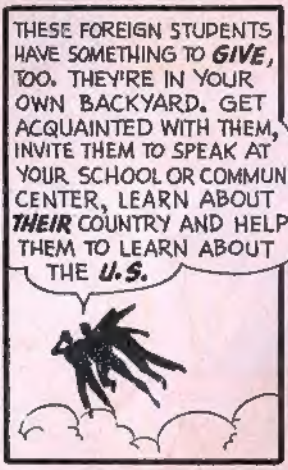
SUPERMAN!
THERE'S MORE TO THIS FOREIGN EXCHANGE IDEA THAN YOU SEEM TO UNDERSTAND. SUPPOSE WE TAKE TIME OUT FOR A LITTLE TRIP.

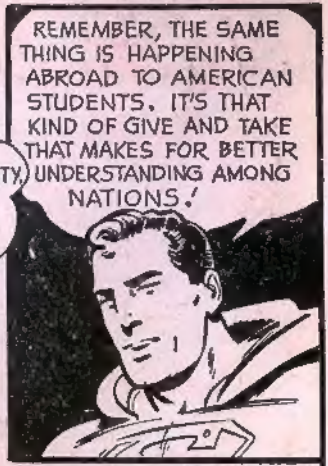
RIGHT NOW, 30,000 YOUNG PEOPLE FROM 100 FOREIGN COUNTRIES ARE STUDENTS IN 1400 COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES SCATTERED ALL OVER THE U.S.


"HERE'S A YOUNG SWISS STUDENT PREPARING FOR AN INDUSTRIAL CAREER. WHAT HE LEARNS HERE WILL HELP MAKE SWITZERLAND INDUSTRY BETTER..."


"AND HERE IS A YOUNG LADY FROM INDIA, SEEKING INEXPENSIVE, PRACTICAL WAYS OF IMPROVING THE DIET OF THE MASSES IN HER COUNTRY..."

"THIS IS A GROUP FROM VARIOUS COUNTRIES LISTENING TO A LECTURE ON OIL DRILLING THAT WILL HELP THEM DEVELOP THEIR OWN COUNTRIES' RESOURCES..."


THESE FOREIGN STUDENTS HAVE SOMETHING TO GIVE, TOO. THEY'RE IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD. GET ACQUAINTED WITH THEM, INVITE THEM TO SPEAK AT YOUR SCHOOL OR COMMUNITY CENTER, LEARN ABOUT THEIR COUNTRY AND HELP THEM TO LEARN ABOUT THE U.S.


REMEMBER, THE SAME THING IS HAPPENING ABROAD TO AMERICAN STUDENTS. IT'S THAT KIND OF GIVE AND TAKE THAT MAKES FOR BETTER UNDERSTANDING AMONG NATIONS!

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BIG TOWN
WE'VE TAPPED THE CURRENT TO STATE PRISON'S DEATH HOUSE, WILSON! IN TWO MINUTES, WHEN THE EXECUTIONER PULLS THE SWITCH, SLICK EMERY WON'T DIE--BUT YOU WILL!
ALONE IN THE DEPTHS OF BIG TOWN'S CATACOMB-LIKE CRIMINAL WORLD, SURROUNDED BY HIS FOES, FEARLESS REPORTER STEVE WILSON FACES THE CRISIS OF HIS LIFE!
HOW DID THE BATTLING NEWSHAWK COME TO SUCH A DESPERATE PASS--IN WHICH AT ANY SECOND 20,000 VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY THREATEN TO DISPATCH HIM INTO ETERNITY? FOR THE BREATH-TAKING SERIES OF EVENTS THAT LED UP TO THIS SPINE-TINGLING MOMENT, READ THE STORY OF
The Secret Underworld of BIG TOWN!

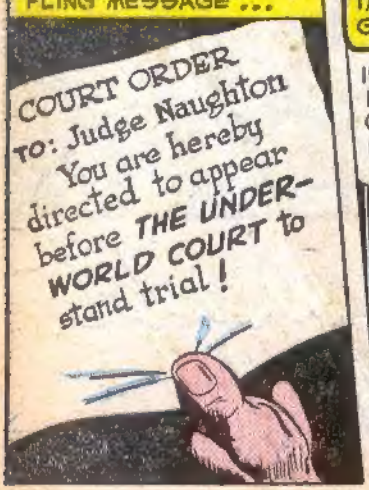
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, *ILLUSTRATED PRESS*-MAN, STEVE WILSON, INTERVIEWS THE MISSING JUDGE'S DAUGHTER...

MY FATHER DIDN'T RUN AWAY, MR. WILSON! YOU MUST BELIEVE THAT! HE HAD NOTHING TO FEAR FROM AN INVESTIGATION! I'M CERTAIN HE MET WITH *FOUL PLAY!*
ILLUSTRATED PRESS
TRAFFIC DOUBLES
JUDGE NAUGHTON VANISHES AS COURTS INVESTIGATION STARTS

THINK BACK, MISS NAUGHTON! DID ANYTHING UNUSUAL OCCUR IN THE LAST WEEK OR SO -- THAT MIGHT BE A LEAD TO WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FATHER?
N-NO... WELL, THERE'S ONE THING... BUT IT'S SILLY!

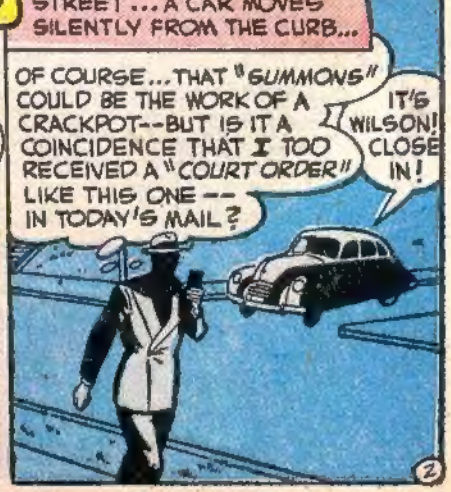
ANY CLUE, NO MATTER HOW SMALL-- WHAT IS *THIS?*
THE POLICE SAY IT'S MERELY SOME CRACKPOT'S WORK! IT ARRIVED... ON THE DAY FATHER VANISHED!

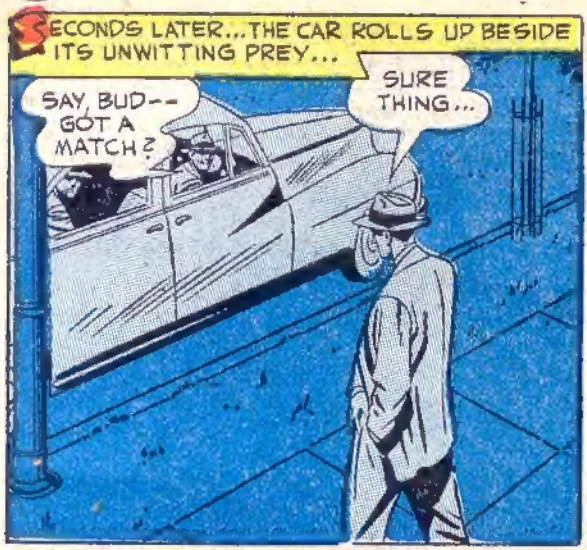
UNFOLDING THE PAPER, STEVE SCANS A BAFFLING MESSAGE...

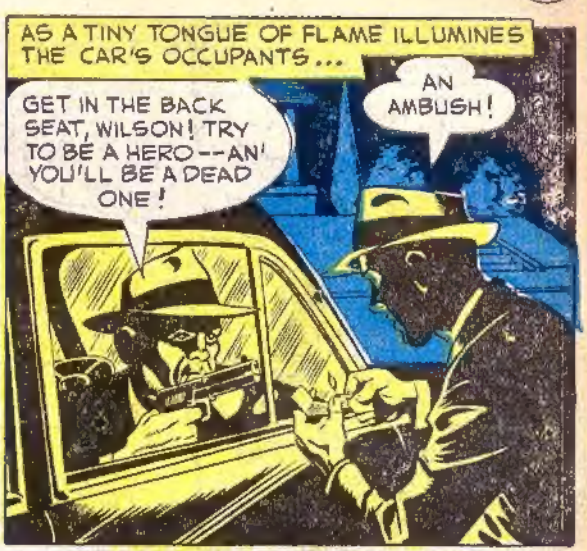


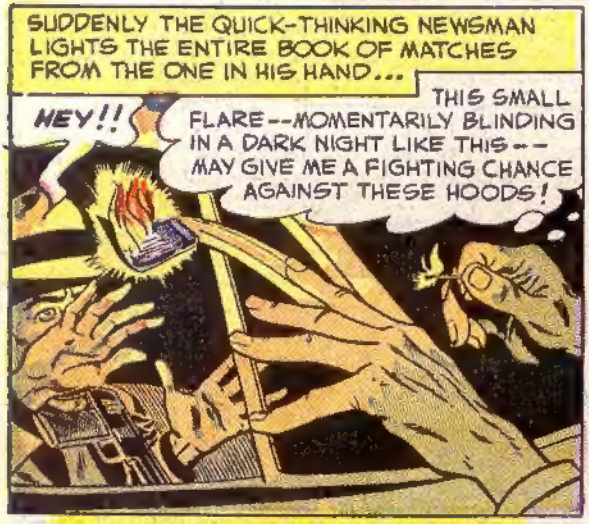
POCKETING THE QUEER NOTE, *BIG TOWN'S* ACE REPORTER TAKES LEAVE OF THE WORRIED GIRL...

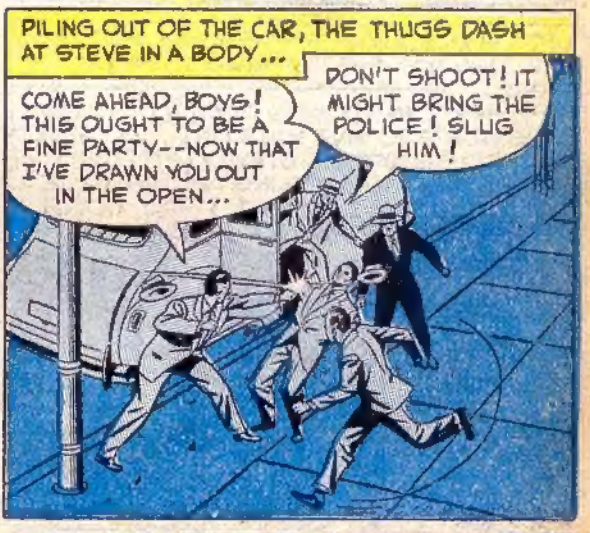
AS STEVE'S TALL ATHLETIC FRAME SWINGS BRISKLY DOWN THE STREET... A CAR MOVES SILENTLY FROM THE CURB...

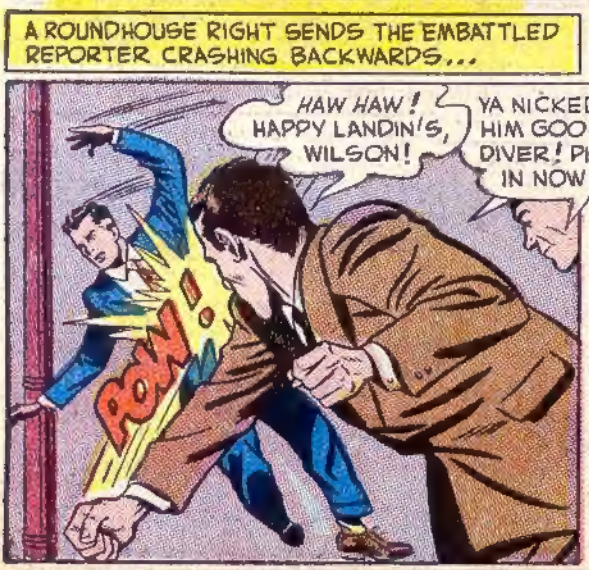

OF COURSE... THAT "SUMMONS" COULD BE THE WORK OF A CRACKPOT--BUT IS IT A COINCIDENCE THAT I TOO RECEIVED A "COURT ORDER" LIKE THIS ONE -- IN TODAY'S MAIL?
IT'S WILSON! CLOSE IN!

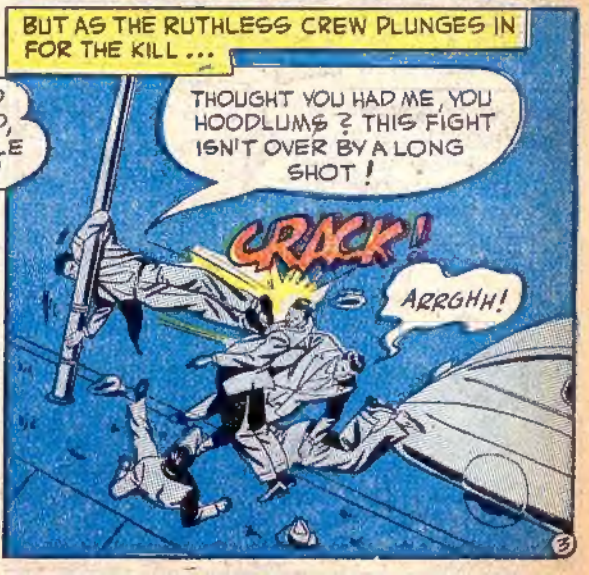

SECONDS LATER...THE CAR ROLLS UP BESIDE ITS UNWITTING PREY...
SAY, BUD--GOT A MATCH?
SURE THING...

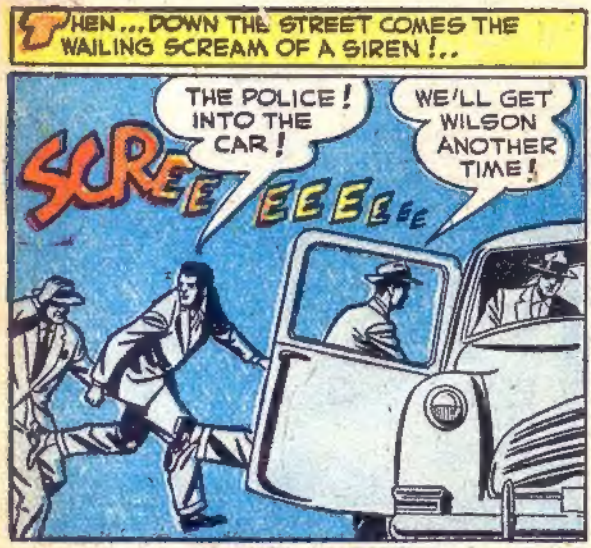

AS A TINY TONGUE OF FLAME ILLUMINES THE CAR'S OCCUPANTS...
GET IN THE BACK SEAT, WILSON! TRY TO BE A HERO--AN' YOU'LL BE A DEAD ONE!
AN AMBUSH!

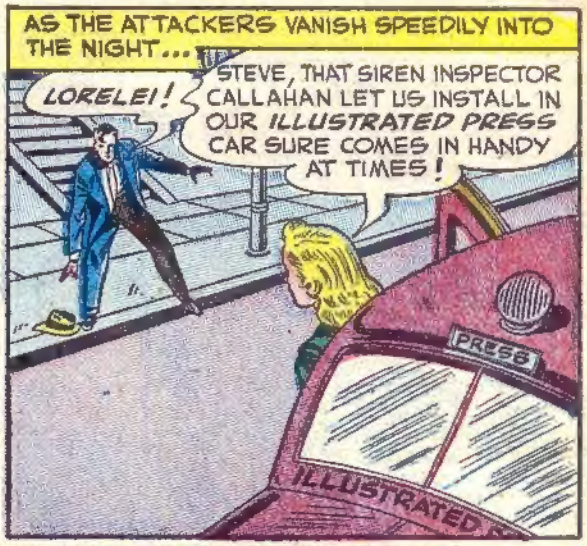

SUDDENLY THE QUICK-THINKING NEWSMAN LIGHTS THE ENTIRE BOOK OF MATCHES FROM THE ONE IN HIS HAND...
HEY!!
THIS SMALL FLARE--MOMENTARILY BLINDING IN A DARK NIGHT LIKE THIS--MAY GIVE ME A FIGHTING CHANCE AGAINST THESE HOODS!

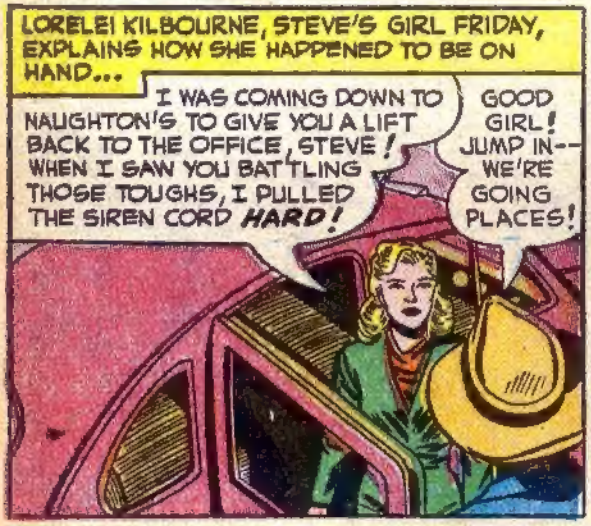

PILING OUT OF THE CAR, THE THUGS DASH AT STEVE IN A BODY...
COME AHEAD, BOYS! THIS OUGHT TO BE A FINE PARTY--NOW THAT I'VE DRAWN YOU OUT IN THE OPEN...
DON'T SHOOT! IT MIGHT BRING THE POLICE! SLUG HIM!


A ROUNDHOUSE RIGHT SENDS THE EMBATTLED REPORTER CRASHING BACKWARDS...
HAW HAW! HAPPY LANDIN'S, WILSON!
YA NICKED HIM GOOD, DIVER! PILE IN NOW!
POW!


BUT AS THE RUTHLESS CREW PLUNGES IN FOR THE KILL...
THOUGHT YOU HAD ME, YOU HOODLUMS? THIS FIGHT ISN'T OVER BY A LONG SHOT!
CRACK!
ARRGHH!


THEN ... DOWN THE STREET COMES THE WAILING SCREAM OF A SIREN !..
THE POLICE! INTO THE CAR!
WE'LL GET WILSON ANOTHER TIME!
SCREEEEEEEE


AS THE ATTACKERS VANISH SPEEDILY INTO THE NIGHT...
LORELE!!
STEVE, THAT SIREN INSPECTOR CALLAHAN LET US INSTALL IN OUR ILLUSTRATED PRESS CAR SURE COMES IN HANDY AT TIMES!
PRESS
ILLUSTRATED


LORELEI KILBOURNE, STEVE'S GIRL FRIDAY, EXPLAINS HOW SHE HAPPENED TO BE ON HAND...
I WAS COMING DOWN TO NAUGHTON'S TO GIVE YOU A LIFT BACK TO THE OFFICE, STEVE! WHEN I SAW YOU BATTLING THOSE TOUGHS, I PULLED THE SIREN CORD HARD!
GOOD GIRL! JUMP IN-- WE'RE GOING PLACES!

LATER...AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN LISTENS TO HIS REPORTER—FRIEND'S STORY...
YOU THINK THERE MAY BE SOMETHING TO THESE UNDERWORLD "COURT ORDERS", STEVE--AND THAT IS WHY THOSE GUNMEN TRIED TO KIDNAP YOU?
YES! AND HERE'S WHAT I WANT TO DO INSPECTOR!

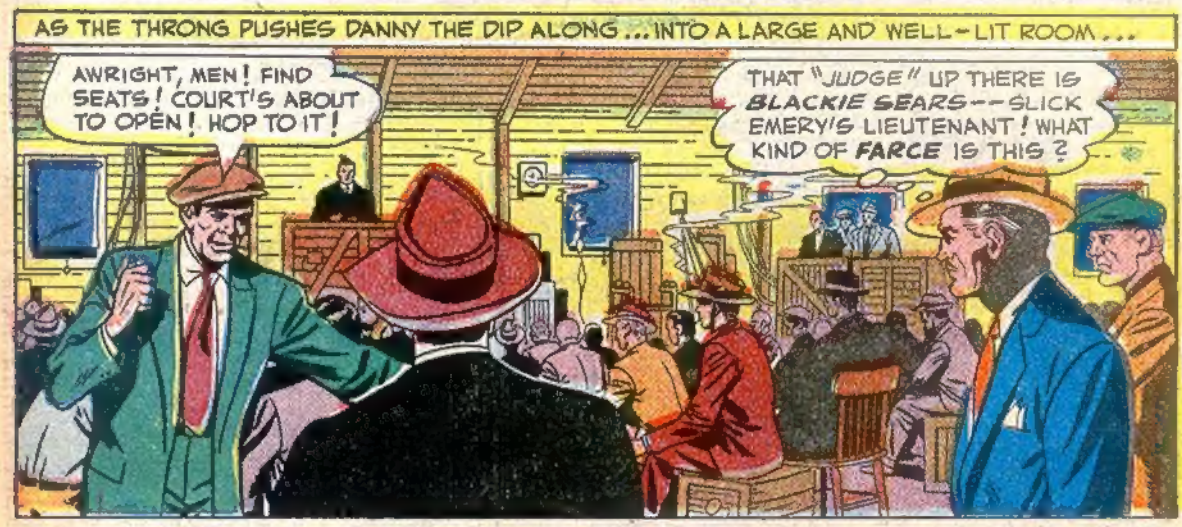
BRIEFLY, A DARING PLAN IS REVEALED BY THE ACE NEWSMAN ...
IT'S RISKY, STEVE--BUT YOU KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND! GO AHEAD-- BUT KEEP IN CONSTANT TOUCH WITH MY OFFICE!
GOOD ENOUGH! LET'S GO, LORELEI!

SHORTLY, IN A DARKENED ROOM IN THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING, A STARTLING TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE...
STEVE-- YOU'RE A MAGICIAN WITH PUTTY AND PAINT!
MY LIFE WILL DEPEND ON THIS DISGUISE! IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

SOON AFTER ... BIG TOWN'S UNDERWORLD GETS A VISIT FROM A SELDOM SEEN "CROOK"...
IF IT AIN'T DANNY THE DIP! WHERE YUH BEEN ALL THESE MONTHS, DANNY?
AW, JUST ROAMING AROUND, PUFFY! WHAT'S NEW IN THIS BURG?
COMPLETELY FOOLING THE CIGAR-STORE OWNER, TO WHOM HE IS JUST A SMALL-TIME PICKPOCKET, STEVE GAINS SOME VALUABLE INFORMATION ...
SLICK EMERY'S GANG IS RUNNING THINGS HERE? BUT I HEARD EMERY WAS UP FOR EXECUTION!
HE IS --TONIGHT, DANNY! BUT HIS GANG IS BIGGER'N EVER!
GEE! THAT'S NEWS, PUFFY...
IT MEANS SLICK EMERY, HIMSELF, MAY KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT JUDGE NAUGHTON'S DISAPPEARANCE! IF ONLY I COULD CONTACT LORELEI...
USING A PHONE BOOTH IN THE STORE, THE ICY-NERVED NEWSMAN TAKES A DARING CHANCE ...
THIS PHONE MAY BE TAPPED... BUT I'VE GOT TO RISK IT!
HELLO, LORELEI! LISTEN HARD!
WHAT IS IT, STEVE?
...AND REACH THE GOVERNOR! GET HIM TO GIVE EMERY A STAY OF EXECUTION! BUT WORK FAST! GOT IT?
CHECK, STEVE! I'LL TRY!
MOMENTS LATER ... PUFFY, THE STORE OWNER, HANDS HIS "PICKPOCKET FRIEND" A TICKET...
EMERY'S BOYS HAVE ADDED SOME NEW WRINKLES TO BIG TOWN'S UNDERWORLD, DANNY! HERE--YUH TAKE THIS AND USE IT! I'M TOO BUSY!

A TICKET TO... BIG TOWN'S UNDERWORLD COURT!?
ER--THANKS, PUFFY--
SURE I'LL GO!
ADMIT ONE
FRIDAY SESSION OF BIG TOWN'S UNDERWORLD COURT
121 Maple Alley

AT 121 MAPLE ALLEY... A BIG LOFT BUILDING WITH BLACKENED WINDOWS... LATE THAT NIGHT...
I HEAR THEY'RE GONNA PASS SENTENCE TONIGHT! THIS NIGHT SESSION OUGHTA BE A GOOD ONE!
PASS SENTENCE ON WHOM, I WONDER?


AS THE THRONG PUSHES DANNY THE DIP ALONG... INTO A LARGE AND WELL-LIT ROOM...
AWRIGHT, MEN! FIND SEATS! COURT'S ABOUT TO OPEN! HOP TO IT!
THAT "JUDGE" UP THERE IS BLACKIE SEARS--SLICK EMERY'S LIEUTENANT! WHAT KIND OF FARCE IS THIS?

SECONDS LATER... A FAMILIAR FIGURE IS LED BEFORE "JUDGE" SEARS...
JUDGE NAUGHTON! SO HE'S THE ONE "ON TRIAL" HERE!
PRISONER, THE JURY HAS FOUND YA GUILTY ON ALL COUNTS!

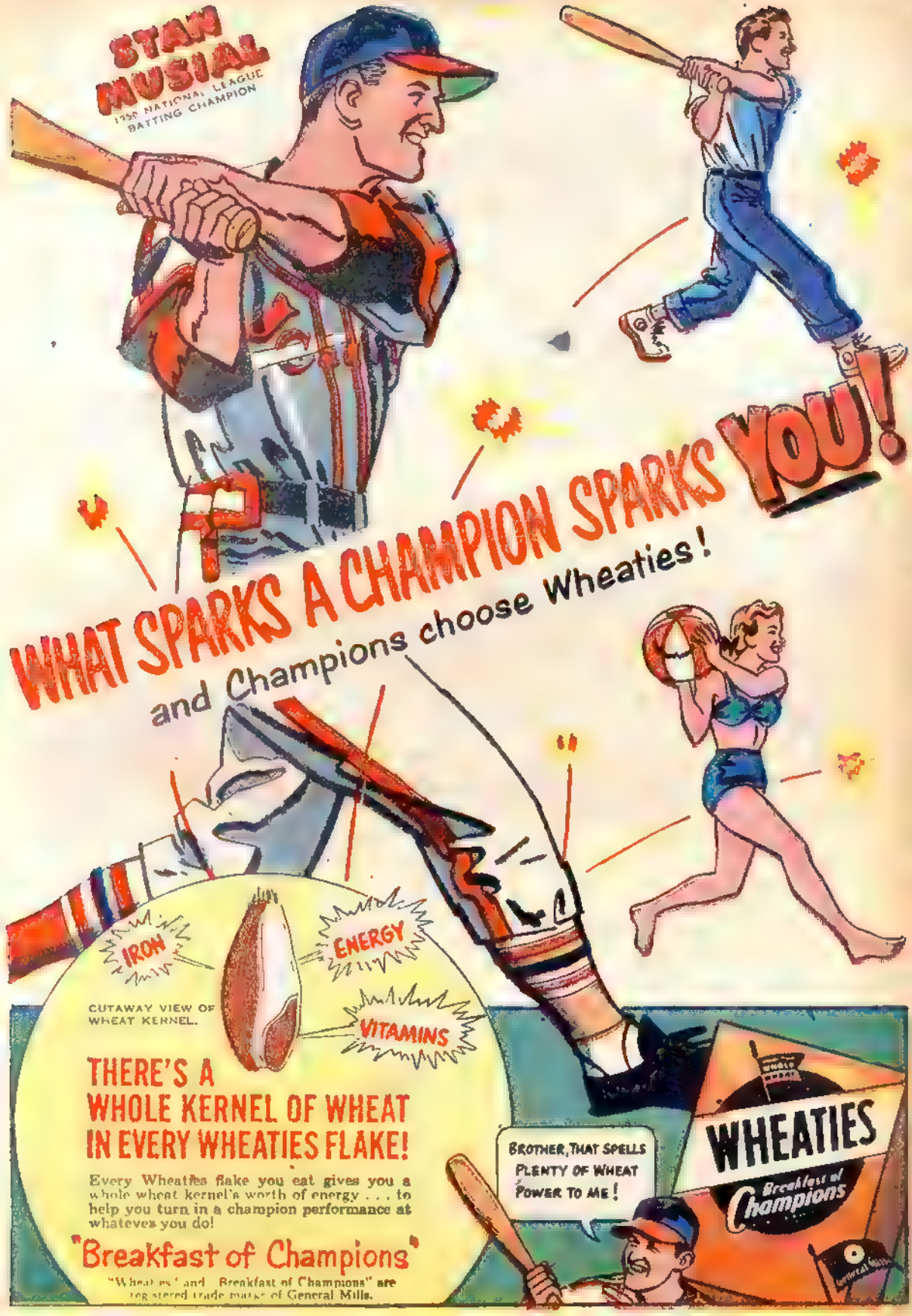
...SO MY SENTENCE IS--SOLITARY, NAUGHTON--FER LIFE! HAW, HAW! TAKE HIM AWAY, BOYS!
I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING RIGHT NOW--OR I MAY NEVER SEE NAUGHTON ALIVE AGAIN!

SUDDENLY... THE DISGUISED NEWSHAWK RACES TO THE FRONT OF THE ROOM...
ALL RIGHT, SEARS! THE COMEDY'S OVER! THE POLICE HAVE THIS BUILDING COMPLETELY SURROUNDED--
WHAT ?? WHO IS THIS MUG?
WITH A SWIFT MOTION, THE FIGHTING REPORTER UNMASKS HIMSELF...
STEVE WILSON!
SURE! YOU DON'T THINK I'D COME IN HERE ALONE--IF THE POLICE WEREN'T OUTSIDE, DO YOU? GIVE UP NOW--YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE!
INSTEAD OF OBEYING STEVE'S ORDERS, THE THUGS CHARGE AT HIM...
GRAB HIM! IF THE COPPERS COME IN--WE'LL SHOOT IT OUT!
YEAH--AN' WE'LL USE WILSON AN' NAUG'HTON AS HOSTAGES!
MY BLUFF FAILED! ONLY ONE THING TO DO NOW--AND THAT'S FIGHT!
BUT OVERWHELMING NUMBERS QUICKLY END THE UNEQUAL FRAY...
WILSON, WE BEEN HOPIN' TO GET YOU IN THAT CHAIR! THANKS FER MAKIN' IT EASY FER US--AN' COMIN' HERE ALONE!
HE'S CLAMPED DOWN GOOD, BLACKIE...
A CRUEL MOCKERY OF A TRIAL IS RAPIDLY RUN THROUGH...AND SOON...
...FER HELPIN' THE POLICE CATCH SLICK EMERY--THE UNDERWORLD COURT SENTENCES YOU TO DEATH, WILSON! IN FIVE MINUTES, THE STATE EXECUTIONER'LL CARRY OUT THE SENTENCE!
THE STATE EXECUTIONER!

WE'VE TAPPED THE CURRENT TO THE PRISON DEATH HOUSE ACROSS THE RIVER, WILSON! WHEN THE EXECUTIONER PULLS THE SWITCH, AT MIDNIGHT--SLICK EMERY WON'T DIE, BUT YOU WILL!
AS STEVE WATCHES HELPLESSLY, THE MOMENTS TICK BY TOWARD THE FATAL HOUR...
MY ONLY CHANCE IS THAT LORELEI CONVINCED THE GOVERNOR TO ORDER A STAY OF EXECUTION! BUT DID SHE?
THIRTY SECONDS TO GO, WILSON!
COULD SHE REACH HIM IN TIME? THE GOVERNOR'S A MIGHTY BUSY MAN...
TEN SECONDS, WILSON..
THEN... AS THE WALL CLOCK STRIKES MIDNIGHT, THE GANG'S VICTIM STIFFENS CONVULSIVELY... AND SLUMPS IN THE CHAIR...
HE'S FINISHED! TAKE HIM INTO THE STOREROOM, DOC--AND GIVE HIM THE ONCE-OVER--JUST TO MAKE SURE!
UHH..
IN THE ADJOINING ROOM, "DOC" WALLER, A MINOR THIEF AND FORMER HOSPITAL ATTENDANT, APPLIES HIS EAR TO THE VICTIM'S CHEST...
AW, THIS IS JUST A WASTE OF TIME! NOBODY EVER LIVED AFTER GETTIN' 20,000 VOLTS!
IS DOC RIGHT? IS IT POSSIBLE THAT THE CAREER OF THE REDOUBTABLE STEVE WILSON HAS ENDED?
AS THE CROOK-EXAMINER BENDS OVER THE "LIFELESS" FIGURE... A POWERFUL ARM SILENTLY ENCIRCLES HIS NECK...
MAKE ONE SOUND, DOC--AND YOU'RE A GONE GOOSE!
HE'S ALIVE! IT--IT CAN'T BE!

AS STEVE SPRINGS ERECT...A CLENCHED FIST SMASHES FORWARD...
I'LL HAVE TO COUNT ON A SURPRISE APPEARANCE TO GET THE JUMP ON THE REST OF THOSE THUGS-- IF I HOPE TO RESCUE NAUGHTON!
MOMENTS LATER A STUNNING "APPARITION" DARTS INTO THE PACKED COURTROOM...
YOU CUT THROATS CAN'T KILL ME! HA HA! NOTHING CAN KILL ME!
W-WILSON! HE'S ALIVE!
NO!
THE STARTLED GANGSTERS GUARDING JUDGE NAUGHTON ARE SWIFTLY BOWLED OVER...
BUT, WILSON--I SAW WITH MY OWN EYES--
DON'T STAND THERE, JUDGE! MAKE FOR THE DOOR! QUICK--
OF ALL THOSE IN THE ROOM, ONLY BLACKIE SEARS KEEPS HIS HEAD IN THE EXCITEMENT!
I DUNNO WHY YUH AIN'T DEAD, WILSON! BUT IF YUH AIN'T--YUH'RE SURE GONNA BE NOW!
GOT A BEAD ON MY CHEST!
WITH ONE SURGE OF HIS MUSCULAR SHOULDERS, STEVE UP-ENDS THE FLIMSY "JUDGE'S BENCH"...
BAM!
HEY!
SEIZING UP THE DAZED GANG CHIEFTAIN, THE BATTLING NEWSMAN USES SEARS AS A SHIELD...
KEEP BEHIND US, JUDGE! IF ANYONE SHOOTS IT'LL BE BLACKIE HERE WHO GETS THE LEAD!
DON'T JUST STAND THERE, YUH GOONS! RUSH HIM! HE HASN'T A CHANCE!

SUDDENLY--A FAMILIAR AND WELCOME VOICE RINGS OUT FROM BEHIND THE GRIM NEWSHAWK...
WRONG AS USUAL, BLACKIE! I'D SAY STEVE HAS AN EXCELLENT CHANCE--BUT YOU'RE DONE FOR!
INSPECTOR CALLAHAN!
FROM EVERY DOOR AND WINDOW, UNIFORMED FIGURES SWARM INTO THE ROOM...WITH GUNS ON THE READY...
STAND WHERE YOU ARE!
DROP YOUR WEAPONS--OR WE'LL DROP YOU!
IN SECONDS...THE ROUND-UP IS COMPLETE...
...AND YOUR CALL TO LORELEI MADE US REALIZE SOMETHING IMPORTANT WAS UP, STEVE! SO WE CAME DOWN HERE IN FORCE--AND TRACKED "DANNY THE DIP" FROM THE CIGAR STORE TO THIS BUILDING...
GREAT GOING, CALLAHAN!
AS STEVE TAKES JUDGE NAUGHTON HOME... AFTER BLACKIE SEARS AND THE REST HAVE BEEN JAILED...
WHEN I DIDN'T FEEL ANY CURRENT, JUDGE--I KNEW LORELEI HAD SUCCEEDED IN HER MISSION! BUT I DECIDED TO PUT ON AN ACT TO FOOL THE GANG!
YOU CERTAINLY DID FOOL THEM... AND ME TOO, STEVE!
LATER...PRETTY KITTY NAUGHTON JOYFULLY WELCOMES BACK HER FATHER...
I KNEW YOU'D FIND DAD AND DISPROVE THOSE HORRID RUMORS, MR. WILSON!
THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS WILL CARRY THE ENTIRE STORY IN THE MORNING EDITION, KITTY...
...ALL ABOUT HOW SEARS AND HIS CREW TRIED--BY A PHONY TRIAL--TO TERRORIZE YOUR FATHER INTO PLAYING BALL WITH THEM--AND HOW HE BRAVELY REFUSED! HE'LL BE THE HERO OF THE HOUR IN BIG TOWN!
PERHAPS... BUT THE REAL HERO WILL BE YOU, STEVE WILSON!
THE END


STAN MUSIAL
1950 NATIONAL LEAGUE BATTING CHAMPION
WHAT SPARKS A CHAMPION SPARKS YOU!
and Champions choose Wheaties!
IRON
ENERGY
VITAMINS
CUTAWAY VIEW OF WHEAT KERNEL.
THERE'S A WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!
Every Wheaties flake you eat gives you a whole wheat kernel's worth of energy . . . to help you turn in a champion performance at whatever you do!
"Breakfast of Champions"
"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills.
BROTHER, THAT SPELLS PLENTY OF WHEAT POWER TO ME!
WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions

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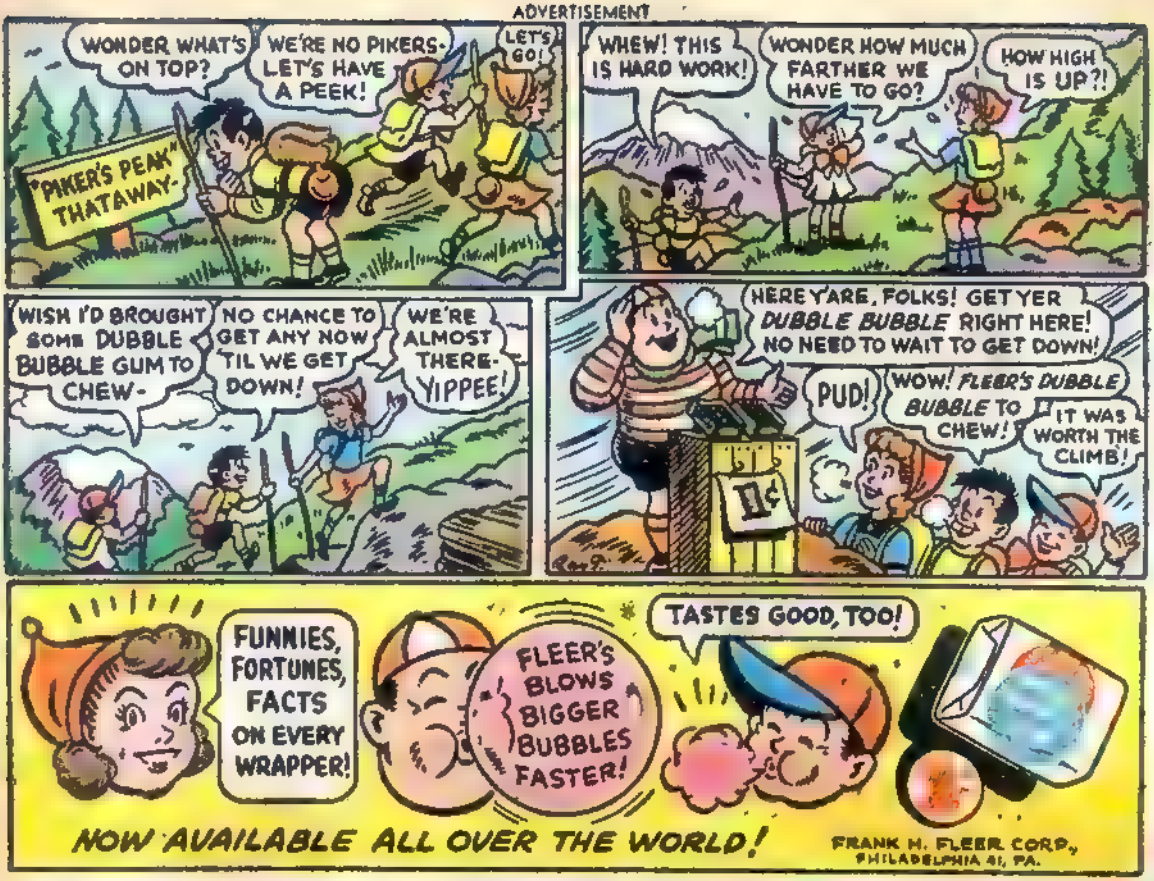
WONDER WHAT'S ON TOP?
WE'RE NO PIKERS- LET'S HAVE A PEEK!
LET'S GO!
"PIKER'S PEAK" THATAWAY-
WHEW! THIS IS HARD WORK!
WONDER HOW MUCH FARTHER WE HAVE TO GO?
HOW HIGH IS UP?!
WISH I'D BROUGHT SOME DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM TO CHEW-
NO CHANCE TO GET ANY NOW 'TIL WE GET DOWN!
WE'RE ALMOST THERE- YIPPEE!
HERE YA'RE, FOLKS! GET YER DUBBLE BUBBLE RIGHT HERE! NO NEED TO WAIT TO GET DOWN!
PUD!
WOW! FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE TO CHEW!
IT WAS WORTH THE CLIMB!
11¢
FUNNIES, FORTUNES, FACTS ON EVERY WRAPPER!
FLEER'S BLOWS BIGGER BUBBLES FASTER!
TASTES GOOD, TOO!
NOW AVAILABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD!
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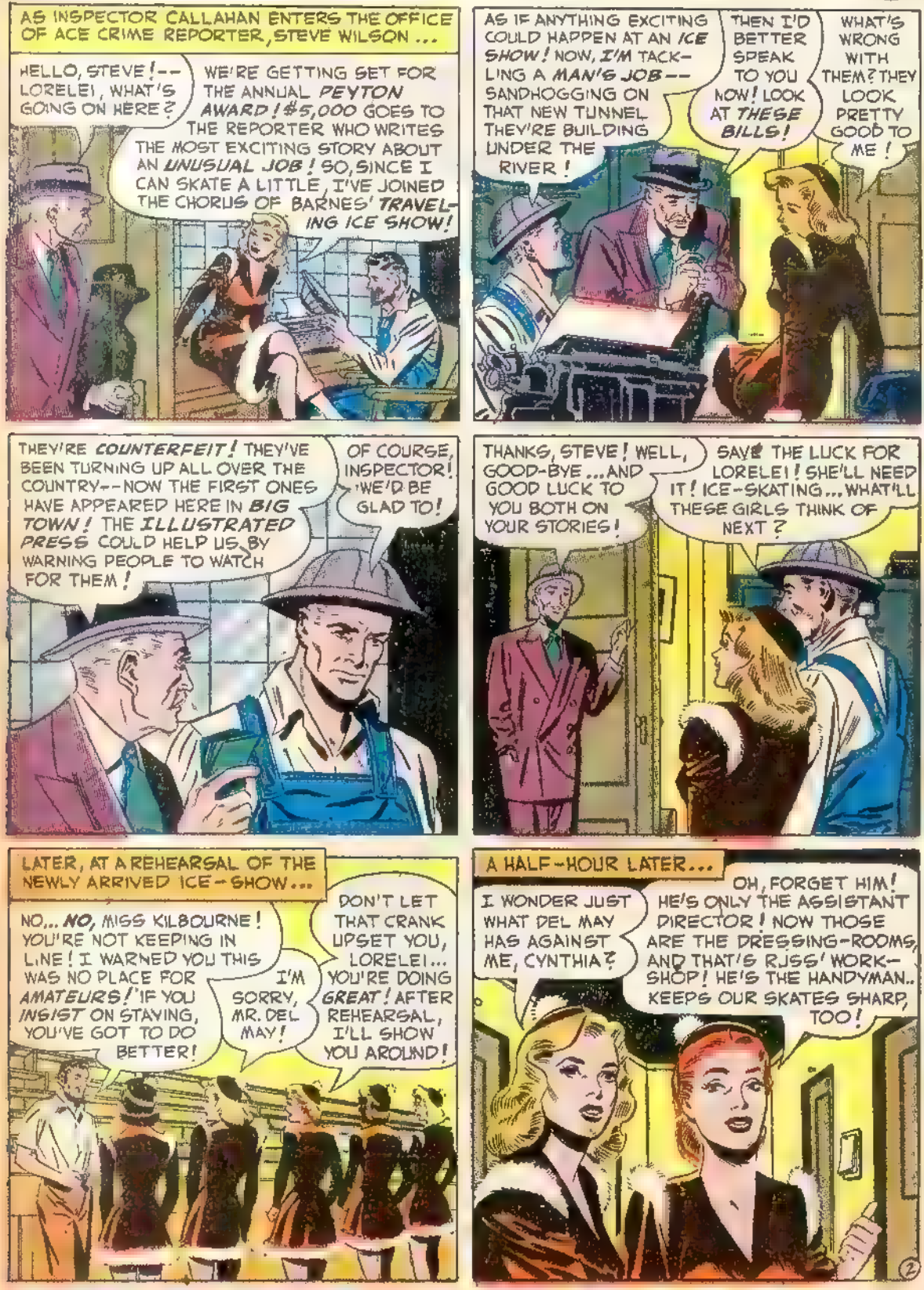
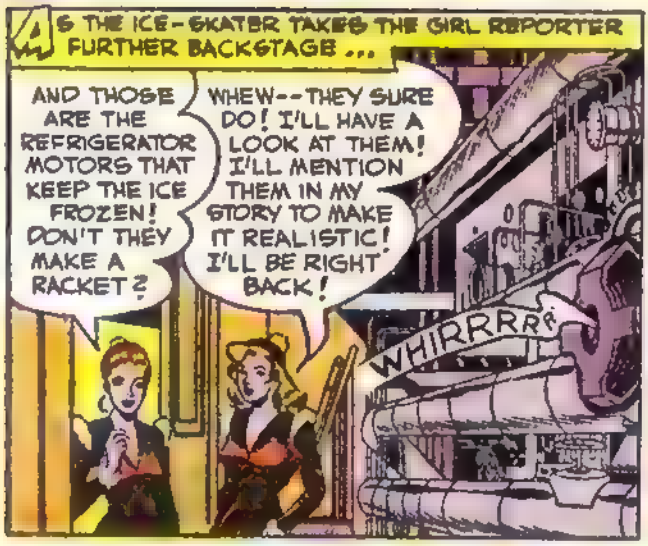
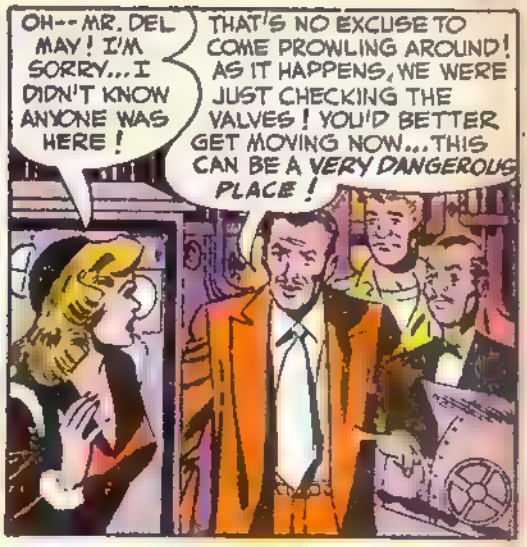
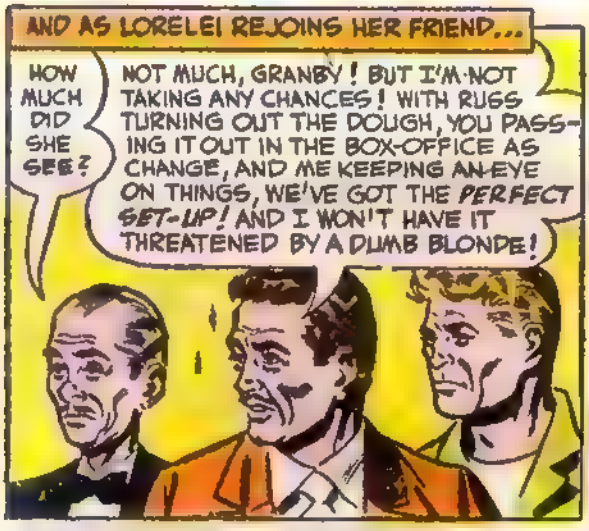
WHAT'S A NEWS STORY WORTH? A SINGLE DOLLAR--OR A MILLION? A DAY'S WORK--OR A LIFETIME? STEVE WILSON, ACE CRIME REPORTER FOR BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS, AND HIS LOVELY ASSISTANT, LORELEI KILBOURNE, FOUND OUT THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION, WITH SUDDEN DEATH HAUNTING THEIR EVERY STEP, IN WHAT SEEMED TO BE FOR THEM...
THE LAST HEADLINE!


AS INSPECTOR CALLAHAN ENTERS THE OFFICE OF ACE CRIME REPORTER, STEVE WILSON ...
HELLO, STEVE!-- LORELEI, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
WE'RE GETTING SET FOR THE ANNUAL PEYTON AWARD! $5,000 GOES TO THE REPORTER WHO WRITES THE MOST EXCITING STORY ABOUT AN UNUSUAL JOB! SO, SINCE I CAN SKATE A LITTLE, I'VE JOINED THE CHORUS OF BARNES' TRAVELING ICE SHOW!
AS IF ANYTHING EXCITING COULD HAPPEN AT AN ICE SHOW! NOW, I'M TACKLING A MAN'S JOB-- SANDHOGGING ON THAT NEW TUNNEL THEY'RE BUILDING UNDER THE RIVER!
THEN I'D BETTER SPEAK TO YOU NOW! LOOK AT THESE BILLS!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM? THEY LOOK PRETTY GOOD TO ME!
THEY'RE COUNTERFEIT! THEY'VE BEEN TURNING UP ALL OVER THE COUNTRY--NOW THE FIRST ONES HAVE APPEARED HERE IN BIG TOWN! THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS COULD HELP US BY WARNING PEOPLE TO WATCH FOR THEM!
OF COURSE, INSPECTOR! WE'D BE GLAD TO!
THANKS, STEVE! WELL, GOOD-BYE ...AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU BOTH ON YOUR STORIES!
SAVE THE LUCK FOR LORELEI! SHE'LL NEED IT! ICE-SKATING... WHAT'LL THESE GIRLS THINK OF NEXT?
LATER, AT A REHEARSAL OF THE NEWLY ARRIVED ICE-SHOW...
NO... NO, MISS KILBOURNE! YOU'RE NOT KEEPING IN LINE! I WARNED YOU THIS WAS NO PLACE FOR AMATEURS! IF YOU INSIST ON STAYING, YOU'VE GOT TO DO BETTER!
I'M SORRY, MR. DEL MAY!
DON'T LET THAT CRANK UPSET YOU, LORELEI... YOU'RE DOING GREAT! AFTER REHEARSAL, I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND!
A HALF-HOUR LATER...
I WONDER JUST WHAT DEL MAY HAS AGAINST ME, CYNTHIA?
OH, FORGET HIM! HE'S ONLY THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR! NOW THOSE ARE THE DRESSING-ROOMS, AND THAT'S RUSS' WORK-SHOP! HE'S THE HANDYMAN.. KEEPS OUR SKATES SHARP, TOO!
2

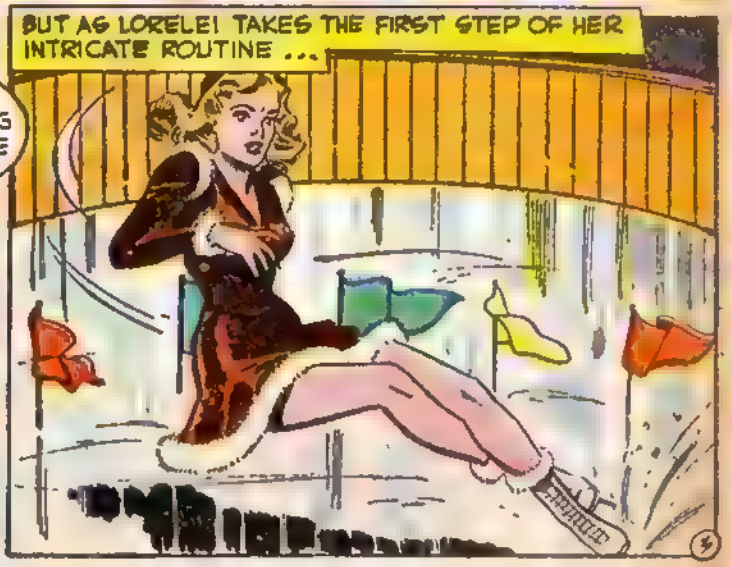

4 AS THE ICE-SKATER TAKES THE GIRL REPORTER FURTHER BACKSTAGE ...
AND THOSE ARE THE REFRIGERATOR MOTORS THAT KEEP THE ICE FROZEN! DON'T THEY MAKE A RACKET?
WHEW--THEY SURE DO! I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THEM! I'LL MENTION THEM IN MY STORY TO MAKE IT REALISTIC! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
WHIRRRR

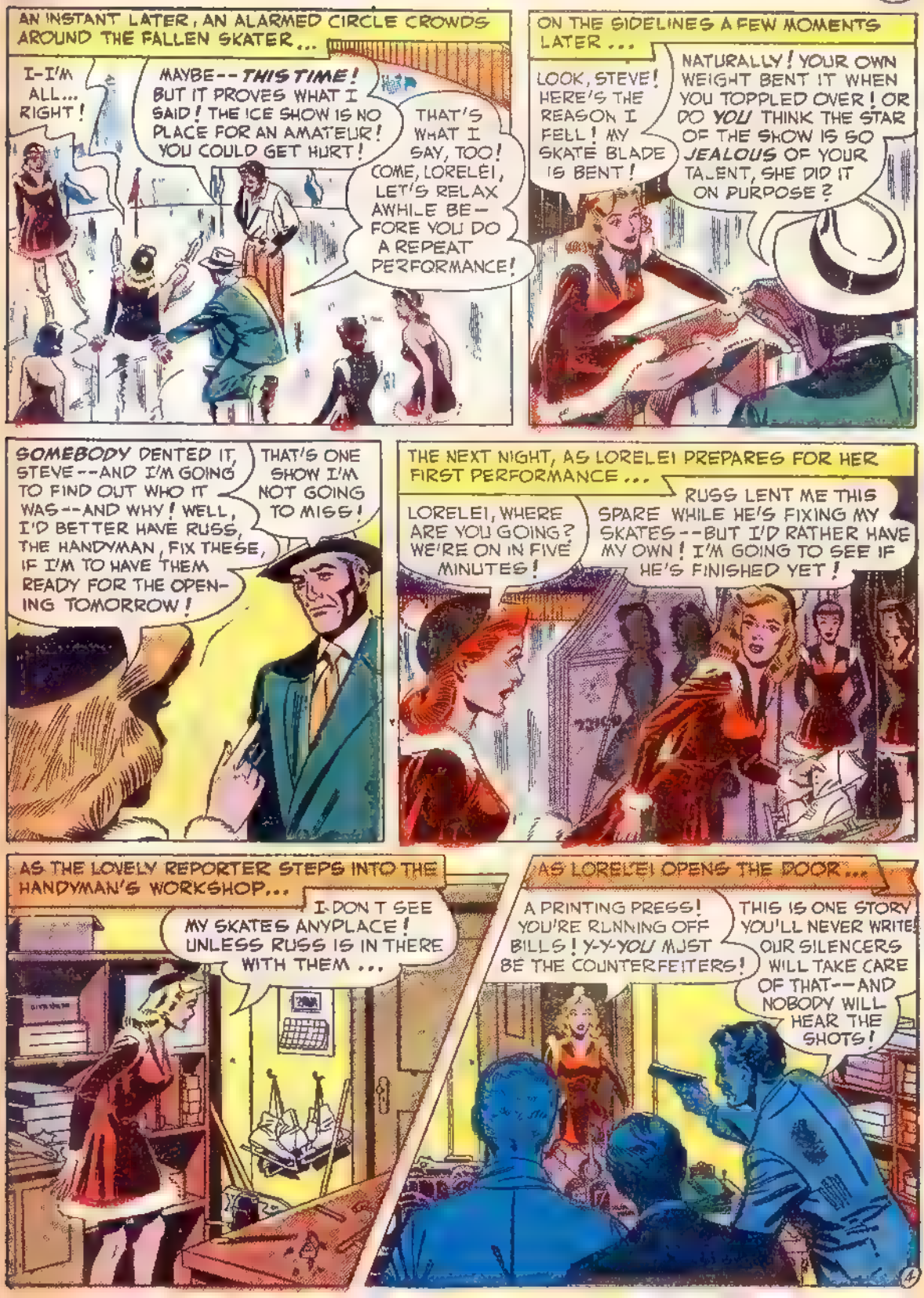

OH--MR. DELMAY! I'M SORRY... I DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE WAS HERE!
THAT'S NO EXCUSE TO COME PROWLING AROUND! AS IT HAPPENS, WE WERE JUST CHECKING THE VALVES! YOU'D BETTER GET MOVING NOW... THIS CAN BE A VERY DANGEROUS PLACE!

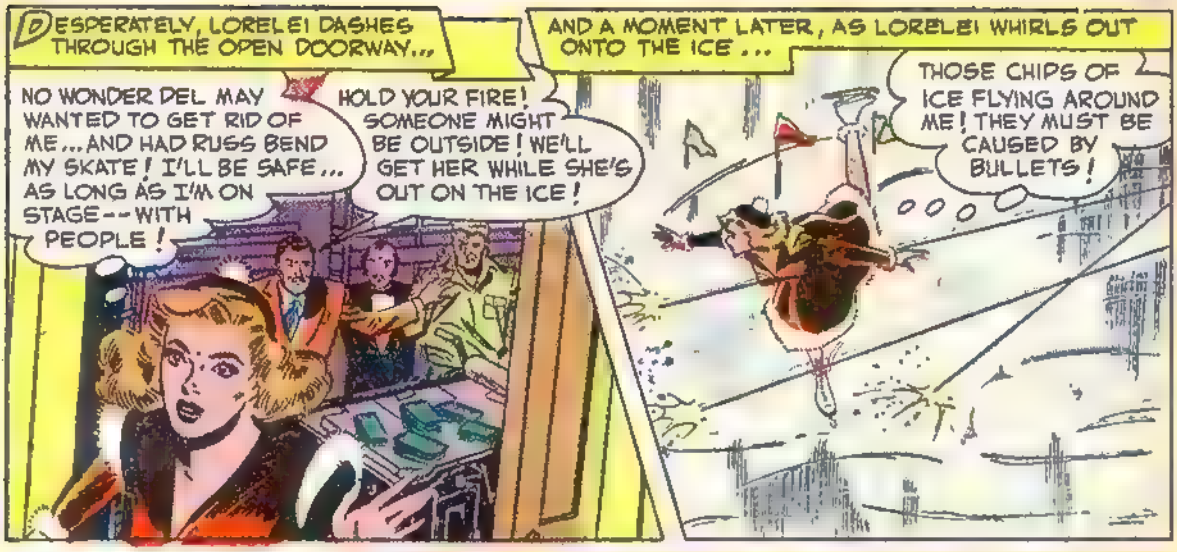

AND AS LORELEI REJOINS HER FRIEND...
HOW MUCH DID SHE SEE?
NOT MUCH, GRANBY! BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES! WITH RUSS TURNING OUT THE DOUGH, YOU PASSING IT OUT IN THE BOX-OFFICE AS CHANGE, AND ME KEEPING AN EYE ON THINGS, WE'VE GOT THE PERFECT SET-UP! AND I WON'T HAVE IT THREATENED BY A DUMB BLONDE!

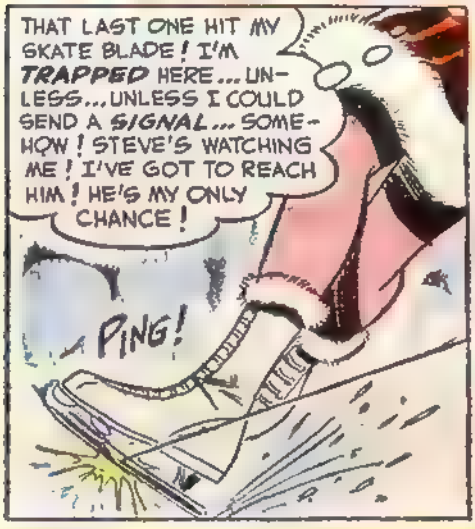
MEANWHILE, STEVE WILSON IS AT THE OTHER END OF BIG TOWN, A THOUSAND FEET UNDERGROUND...
THIS MAY BE HARD WORK... BUT SO FAR, IT'S AS EXCITING AS A LULLABY! NOTHING'S HAPPENING! WELL, AT LEAST LORELEI CAN'T BE DOING MUCH BETTER! I'LL DROP IN ON HER REHEARSAL TONIGHT JUST FOR LAUGHS!

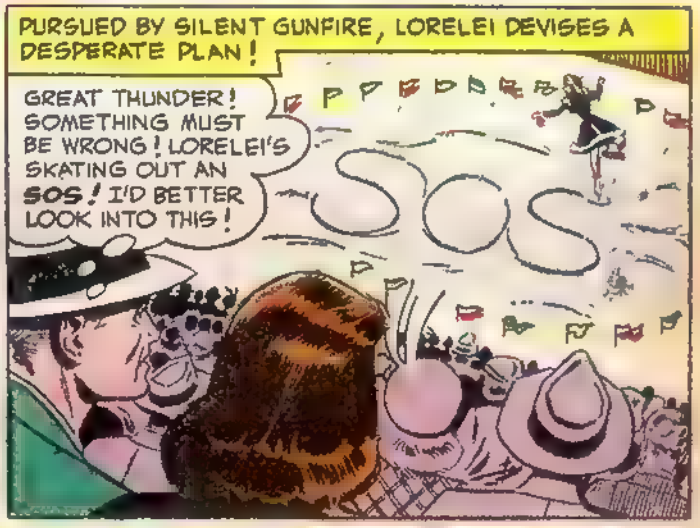
THAT NIGHT, AS STEVE'S PRESS PASS ADMITS HIM TO THE REHEARSAL ...
WHERE'S MISS KILBOURNE?
SHE'S ON STAGE NOW--JUST GETTING READY FOR A LITTLE SOLO BIT!

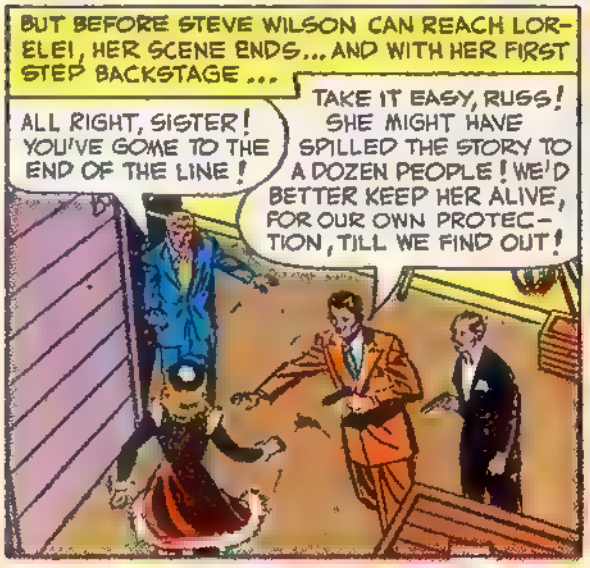

BUT AS LORELEI TAKES THE FIRST STEP OF HER INTRICATE ROUTINE ...

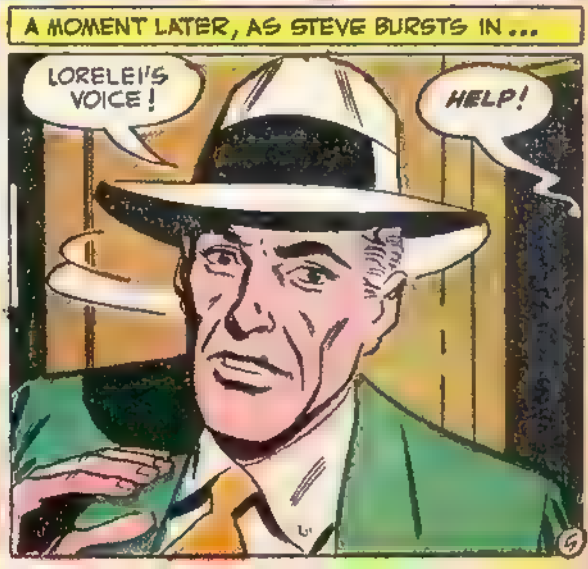

AN INSTANT LATER, AN ALARMED CIRCLE CROWDS AROUND THE FALLEN SKATER...
I-I'M ALL... RIGHT!
MAYBE--THIS TIME! BUT IT PROVES WHAT I SAID! THE ICE SHOW IS NO PLACE FOR AN AMATEUR! YOU COULD GET HURT!
THAT'S WHAT I SAY, TOO! COME, LORELEI, LET'S RELAX AWHILE BE-FORE YOU DO A REPEAT PERFORMANCE!
ON THE SIDELINES A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
LOOK, STEVE! HERE'S THE REASON I FELL! MY SKATE BLADE IS BENT!
NATURALLY! YOUR OWN WEIGHT BENT IT WHEN YOU TOPPLED OVER! OR DO YOU THINK THE STAR OF THE SHOW IS SO JEALOUS OF YOUR TALENT, SHE DID IT ON PURPOSE?
SOMEBODY DENTED IT, STEVE--AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO IT WAS--AND WHY! WELL, I'D BETTER HAVE RUSS, THE HANDYMAN, FIX THESE, IF I'M TO HAVE THEM READY FOR THE OPEN-ING TOMORROW!
THAT'S ONE SHOW I'M NOT GOING TO MISS!
THE NEXT NIGHT, AS LORELEI PREPARES FOR HER FIRST PERFORMANCE...
LORELEI, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WE'RE ON IN FIVE MINUTES!
RUSS LENT ME THIS SPARE WHILE HE'S FIXING MY SKATES--BUT I'D RATHER HAVE MY OWN! I'M GOING TO SEE IF HE'S FINISHED YET!
AS THE LOVELY REPORTER STEPS INTO THE HANDYMAN'S WORKSHOP...
I-DON'T SEE MY SKATES ANYPLACE! UNLESS RUSS IS IN THERE WITH THEM...
AS LORELEI OPENS THE DOOR...
A PRINTING PRESS! YOU'RE RUNNING OFF BILLS! Y-Y-YOU MUST BE THE COUNTERFEITERS!
THIS IS ONE STORY YOU'LL NEVER WRITE! OUR SILENCERS WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT--AND NOBODY WILL HEAR THE SHOTS!

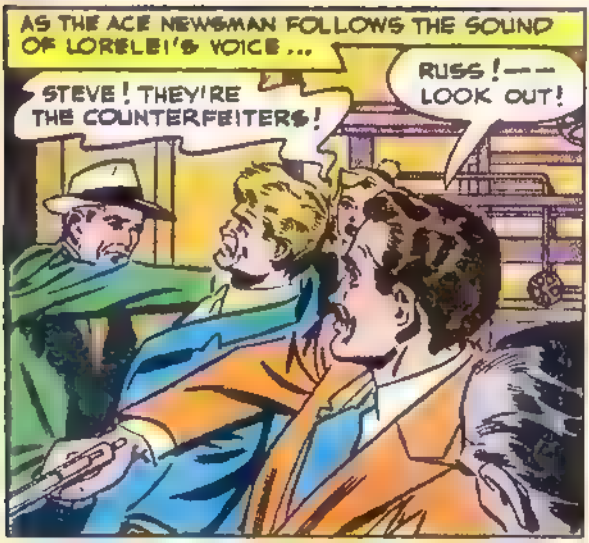

DESPERATELY, LORELEI DASHES THROUGH THE OPEN DOORWAY...
NO WONDER DEL MAY WANTED TO GET RID OF ME... AND HAD RUSS BEND MY SKATE! I'LL BE SAFE... AS LONG AS I'M ON STAGE--WITH PEOPLE!
HOLD YOUR FIRE! SOMEONE MIGHT BE OUTSIDE! WE'LL GET HER WHILE SHE'S OUT ON THE ICE!
AND A MOMENT LATER, AS LORELEI WHIRLS OUT ONTO THE ICE...
THOSE CHIPS OF ICE FLYING AROUND ME! THEY MUST BE CAUSED BY BULLETS!

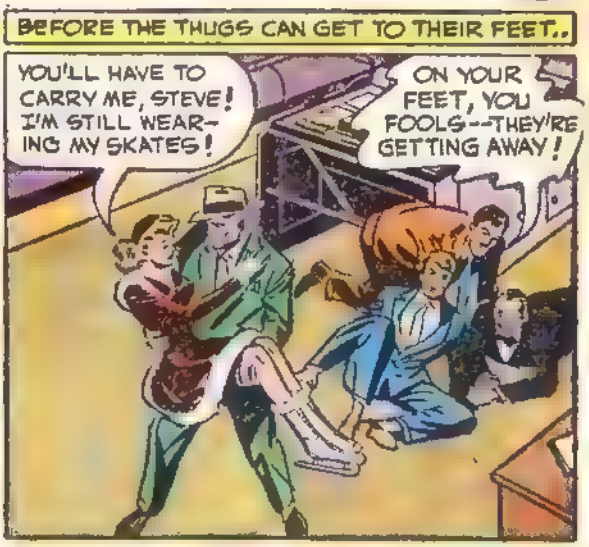

THAT LAST ONE HIT MY SKATE BLADE! I'M TRAPPED HERE... UNLESS... UNLESS I COULD SEND A SIGNAL... SOMEHOW! STEVE'S WATCHING ME! I'VE GOT TO REACH HIM! HE'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
PING!

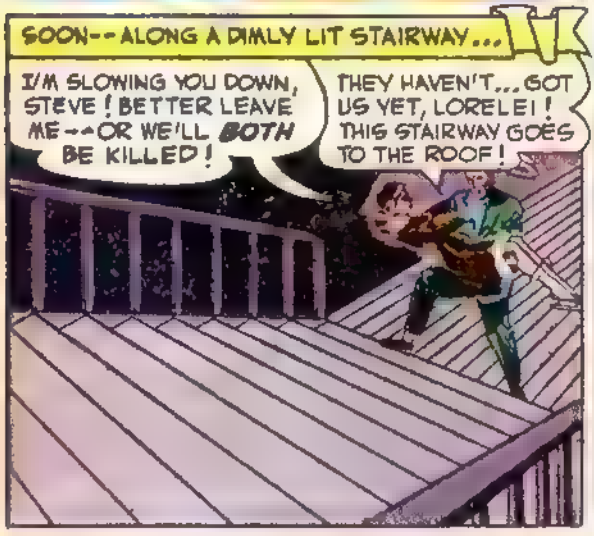

PURSUED BY SILENT GUNFIRE, LORELEI DEVISES A DESPERATE PLAN!
GREAT THUNDER! SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG! LORELEI'S SKATING OUT AN SOS! I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!
SOS

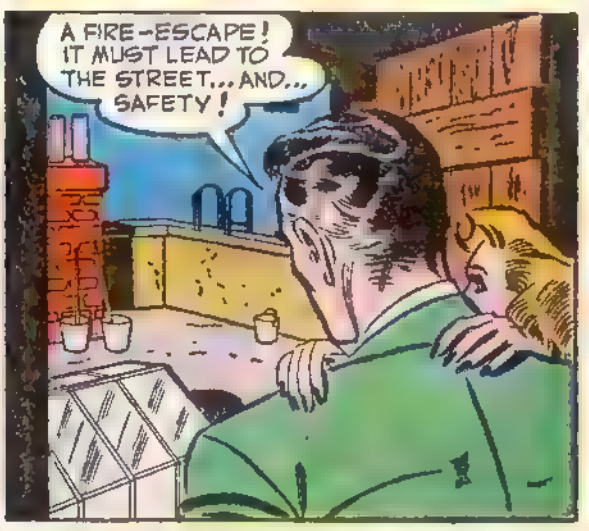

BUT BEFORE STEVE WILSON CAN REACH LORELEI, HER SCENE ENDS... AND WITH HER FIRST STEP BACKSTAGE...
ALL RIGHT, SISTER! YOU'VE COME TO THE END OF THE LINE!
TAKE IT EASY, RUSS! SHE MIGHT HAVE SPILLED THE STORY TO A DOZEN PEOPLE! WE'D BETTER KEEP HER ALIVE, FOR OUR OWN PROTECTION, TILL WE FIND OUT!


A MOMENT LATER, AS STEVE BURSTS IN...
LORELEI'S VOICE!
HELP!

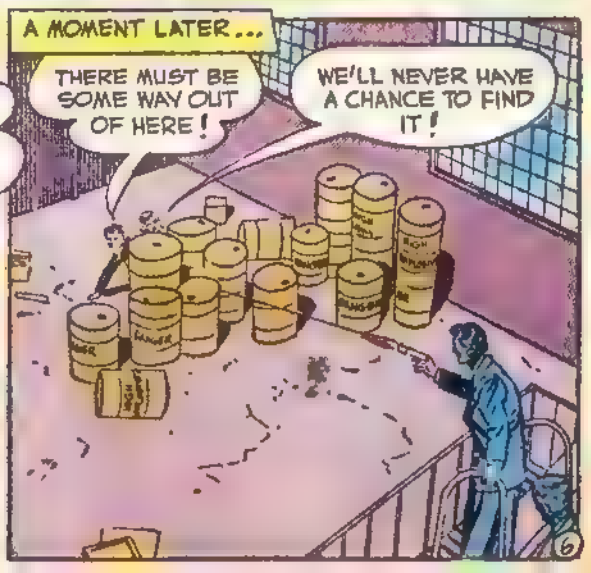

AS THE ACE NEWSMAN FOLLOWS THE SOUND OF LORELEI'S VOICE ...
STEVE! THEY'RE THE COUNTERFEITERS!
RUSS!--- LOOK OUT!

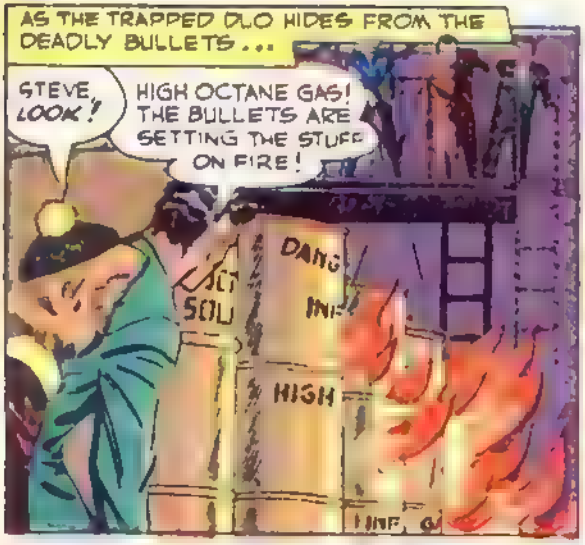

BEFORE THE THUGS CAN GET TO THEIR FEET..
YOU'LL HAVE TO CARRY ME, STEVE! I'M STILL WEARING MY SKATES!
ON YOUR FEET, YOU FOOLS--THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

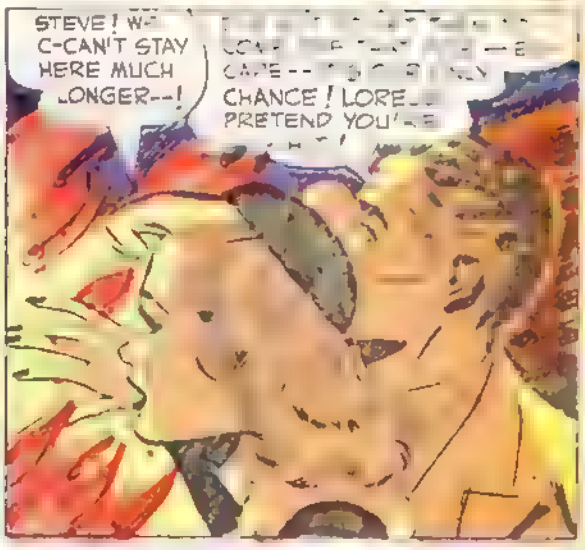

SOON--ALONG A DIMLY LIT STAIRWAY...
I'M SLOWING YOU DOWN, STEVE! BETTER LEAVE ME--OR WE'LL BOTH BE KILLED!
THEY HAVEN'T... GOT US YET, LORELEI! THIS STAIRWAY GOES TO THE ROOF!


A FIRE-ESCAPE! IT MUST LEAD TO THE STREET... AND... SAFETY!

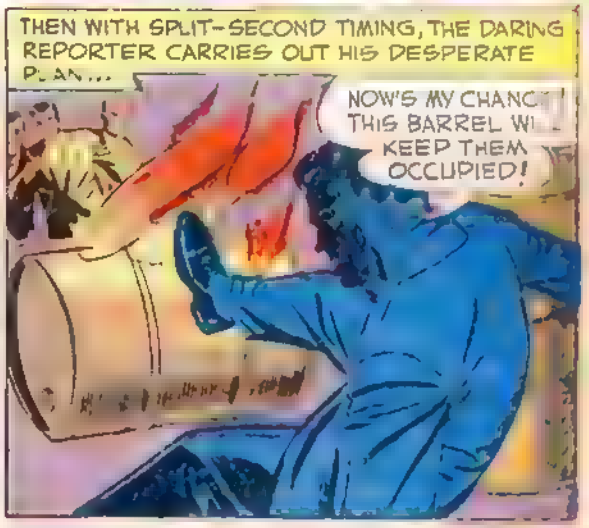
BUT AS STEVE DESPERATELY STARTS DOWN... THE KILLERS SUDDENLY STOP...
WHY'RE YOU STOPPIN'? LET'S GET 'EM!
THEY'RE TRAPPING THEMSELVES! THAT FIRE-ESCAPE LEADS TO A FENCED-IN STORAGE LOT! ONCE THEY'RE DOWN THERE, WE CAN PICK THEM OFF AS IF THEY WERE SITTING DUCKS!


A MOMENT LATER...
THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT OF HERE!
WE'LL NEVER HAVE A CHANCE TO FIND IT!


AS THE TRAPPED DUO HIDES FROM THE DEADLY BULLETS...
STEVE, LOOK!
HIGH OCTANE GAS! THE BULLETS ARE SETTING THE STUFF ON FIRE!
DANG
HIGH


STEVE! WE C-CAN'T STAY HERE MUCH LONGER--!
CHANCE! LORE... PRETEND YOU'RE

THAT DOES IT!
MAYBE... BUT I MEAN TO MAKE SURE! WE'VE TOO MUCH AT STAKE! LET'S HAVE A CLOSER LOOK AT THEM!


THEN WITH SPLIT-SECOND TIMING, THE DARING REPORTER CARRIES OUT HIS DESPERATE PLAN...
NOW'S MY CHANCE! THIS BARREL WI... KEEP THEM OCCUPIED!

FOR ONE INSTANT, THE GUNMEN GIVE WAY TO PANIC--BUT THAT INSTANT IS ENOUGH FOR THE CRIME REPORTER...
YOU MAKE ONE PHONY BILL OUT OF THE WAY!

NOW FOR THE REST OF THEM! THIS FIRE-ESCAPE WILL HELP ME!

USING THE FIRE RUNG FOR LEVERAGE, STEVE SWINGS OUT...

STOP HIM! I NEE—

AS THE BATTLING REPORTER LANDS CROUCHING...

I WON'T MISS THE NEXT TIME, SNOOPER!

THERE WON'T BE A *NEXT* TIME!

THE FEARLESS NEWSMAN LUNGES FORWARD...

YOU NEEDN'T HAVE WORRIED ABOUT STEVE WILSON, MISS KILBOURNE!

THANK GOODNESS! I WAS AFRAID WE MIGHT BE TOO LATE!

AND A WEEK LATER, IN *BIG TOWN'S* MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM...

...AND FOR THEIR UNUSUAL HEROISM IN REPORTING THE STORY OF CRIME BEHIND THE SCENES, WE PROUDLY PRESENT THE *PEYTON AWARD* TO MISS LORELEI KILBOURNE **AND** MR. STEVE WILSON!

THE END

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GIVE UP? SEE BELOW*

*ANSWER: A YARD STICK

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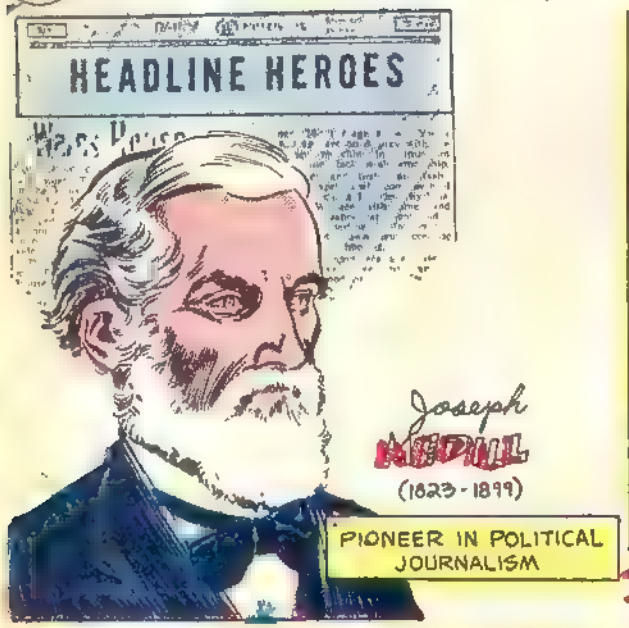
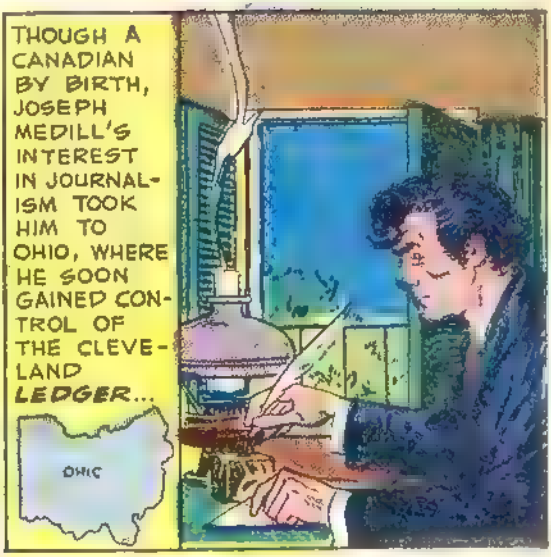
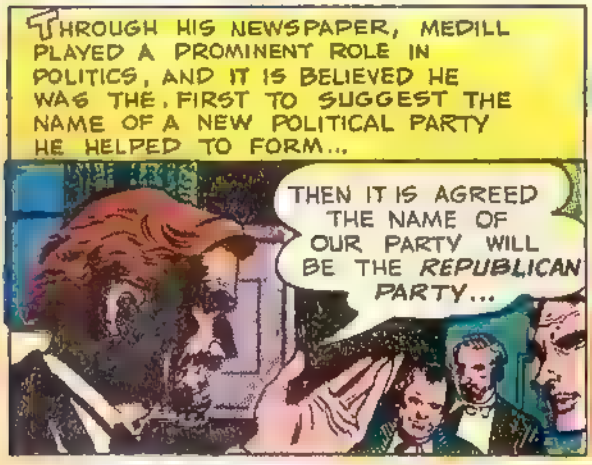
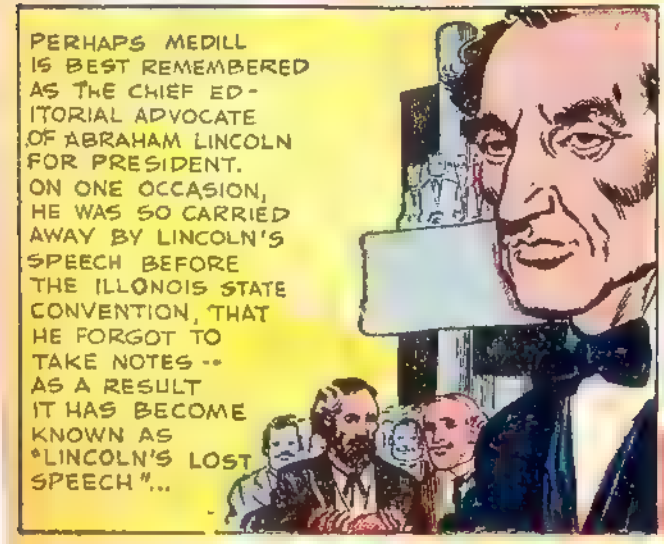
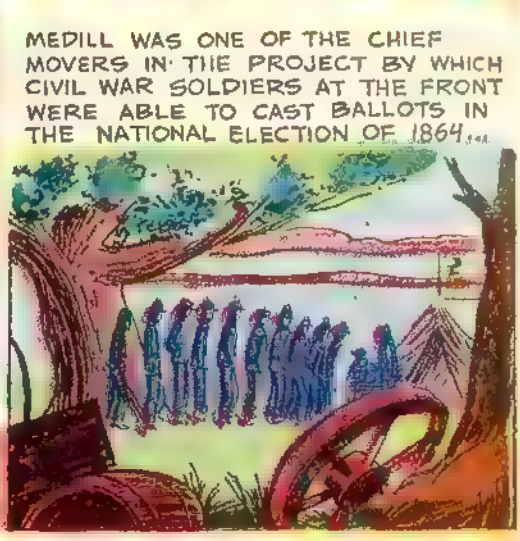



THOUGH A CANADIAN BY BIRTH, JOSEPH MEDILL'S INTEREST IN JOURNALISM TOOK HIM TO OHIO, WHERE HE SOON GAINED CONTROL OF THE CLEVELAND LEDGER...
OHIO

IN 1855, HE GAINED AN INTEREST IN THE CHICAGO *TRIBUNE*, AND TURNED THE PAPER INTO A LIVELY NEWS MEDIUM THAT QUICKLY GAINED FAVOR WITH THE PUBLIC...


THROUGH HIS NEWSPAPER, MEDILL PLAYED A PROMINENT ROLE IN POLITICS, AND IT IS BELIEVED HE WAS THE FIRST TO SUGGEST THE NAME OF A NEW POLITICAL PARTY HE HELPED TO FORM...
THEN IT IS AGREED THE NAME OF OUR PARTY WILL BE THE *REPUBLICAN PARTY*...


PERHAPS MEDILL IS BEST REMEMBERED AS THE CHIEF EDITORIAL ADVOCATE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN FOR PRESIDENT. ON ONE OCCASION, HE WAS SO CARRIED AWAY BY LINCOLN'S SPEECH BEFORE THE ILLINOIS STATE CONVENTION, THAT HE FORGOT TO TAKE NOTES -- AS A RESULT IT HAS BECOME KNOWN AS "LINCOLN'S LOST SPEECH"...

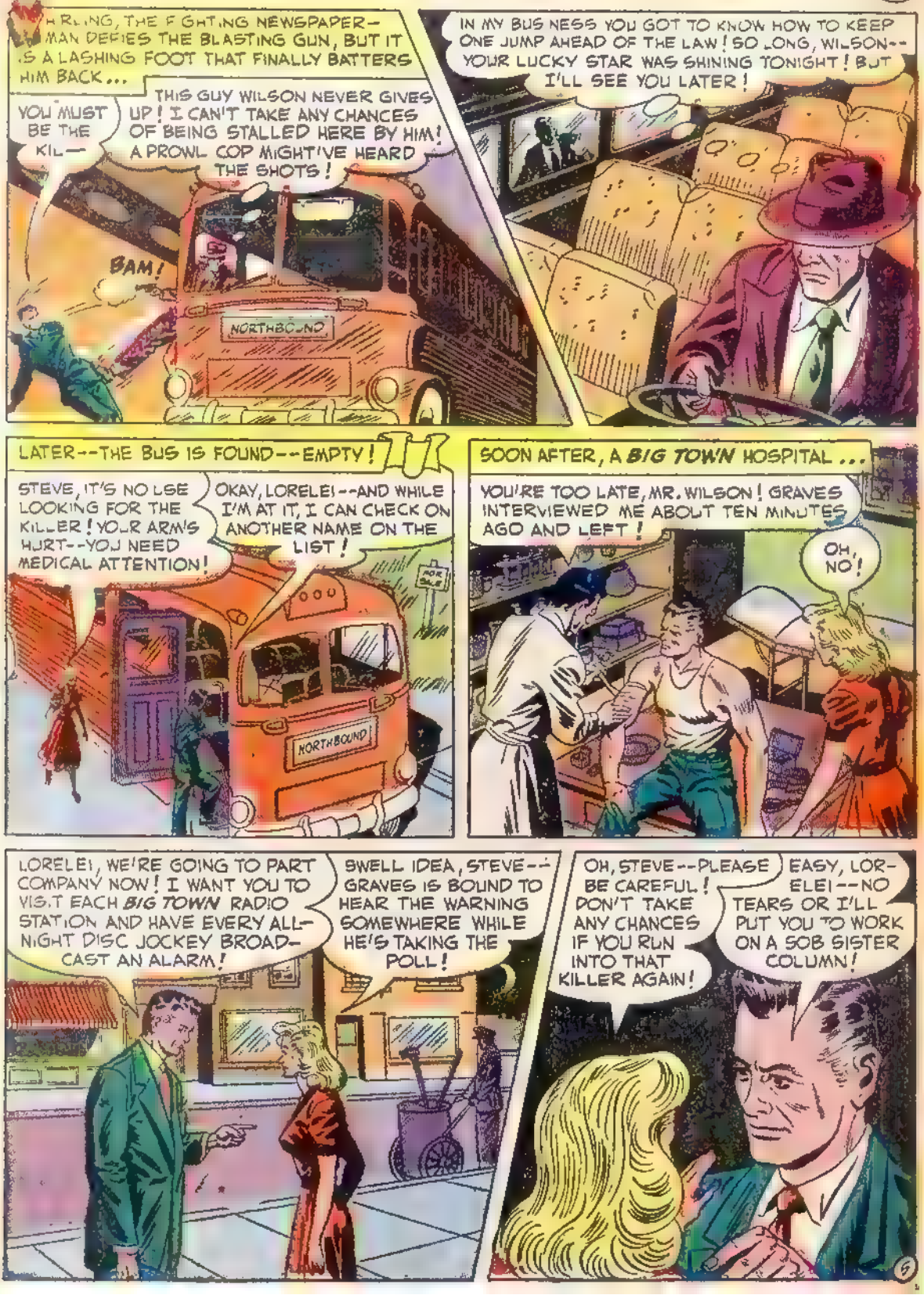

MEDILL WAS ONE OF THE CHIEF MOVERS IN THE PROJECT BY WHICH CIVIL WAR SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT WERE ABLE TO CAST BALLOTS IN THE NATIONAL ELECTION OF 1864...

BIG TOWN
BETWEEN THE LONELY HOURS OF MIDNIGHT AND DAWN, ON BIG TOWN'S DESERTED STREETS, A PROFESSIONAL KILLER STALKS HIS VICTIM! AND SOMEWHERE, A MARKED MAN GOES ABOUT HIS WORK, UNAWARE A HIRED GUN IS POINTED AT HIS BACK! ILLUSTRATED PRESS' ACE NEWSMAN, STEVE WILSON, DESPERATELY ROAMS ABOUT THE QUIET CITY, TRYING TO FIND THE INTENDED VICTIM IN TIME TO WARD OFF THE KILLER'S BULLET! A DEADLY GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK THAT WILL MAKE MORNING HEADLINES FOR ...
The CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS!

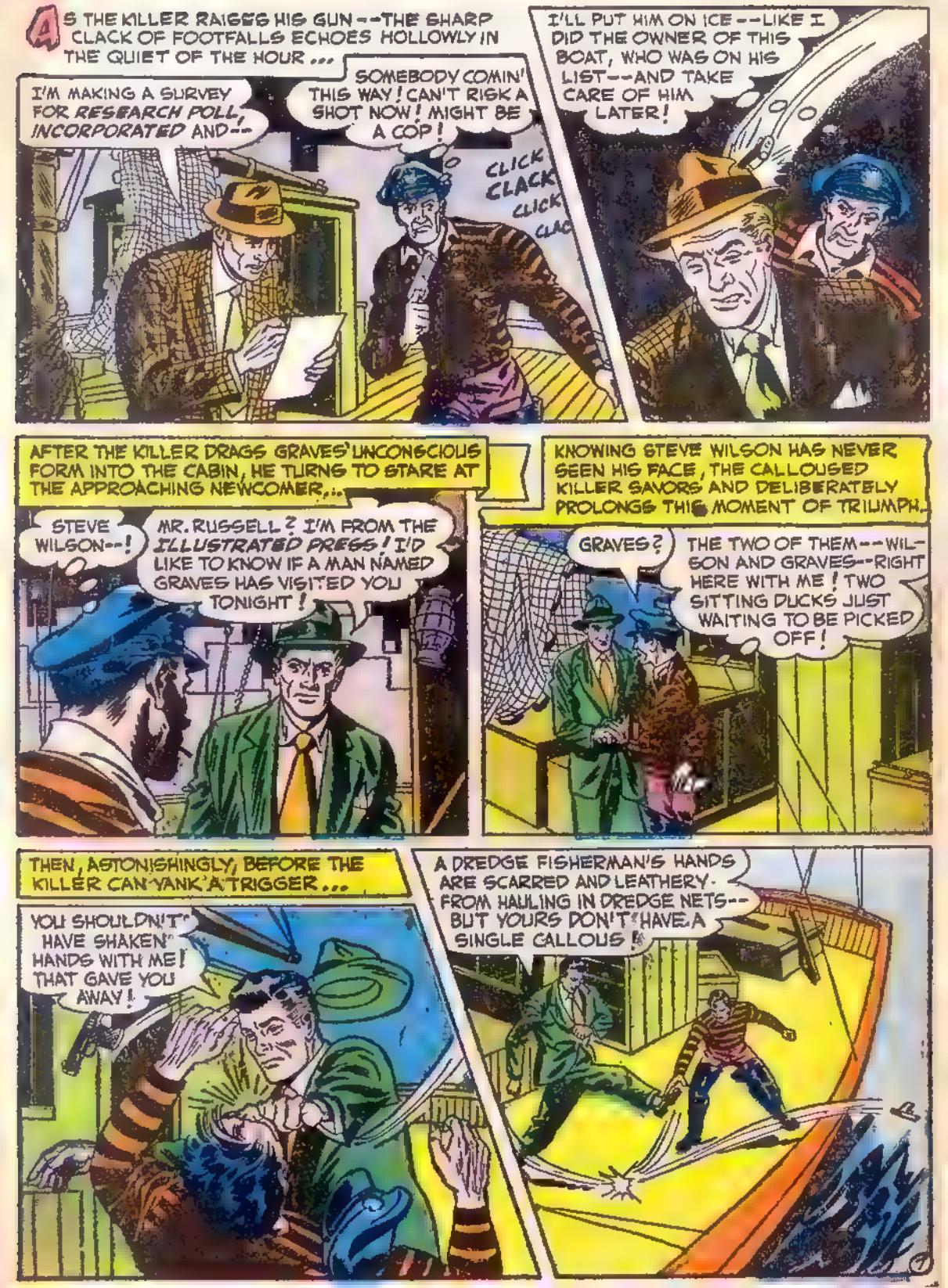
IN A ROOM IN BIG TOWN, TWO MEN TALK OVER AN OMINOUS BUSINESS DEAL...
I MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE WITH A CERTAIN GIRL IF HER BOY FRIEND WERE TO DIE! I'VE BEEN TOLD YOUR GUN IS FOR HIRE!
SURE... I'LL KNOCK OVER THIS GUY FOR YOU--BUT I GET PAID IN ADVANCE!
IN ADVANCE? HOW DO I KNOW YOU'LL DO THE JOB?
LISTEN, COOMBS, I WAS RECOMMENDED TO YOU BECAUSE I ALWAYS DELIVER FOR A CLIENT! THAT'S MY REPUTATION! THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE! NOW WHO'S THE GUY YOU WANT BUMPED?
MIDNIGHT! BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS ACE NEWSMAN, STEVE WILSON, AND HIS ASSISTANT, THE LOVELY LORELEI KILBOURNE, ARE LEAVING AFTER A GRUELING DAY..
WHEW! I'M TIRED--AND HUNGRY!
I CAN TAKE A HINT! WE'LL GET A HAMBURGER AT JOE'S ALL-NITE DINER!
WHAT WAS THAT? A JET PLANE ON WHEELS?
OF ALL THE CRAZY DRIVERS!
THE DRIVER? COOMBS, THE KILLER-HIRER--AND BECAUSE HE IS SO EXHILIRATED BY THE THOUGHT THAT HIS RIVAL WILL SOON DIE, HE DRIVES HIS CAR FAR TOO RECKLESSLY...
OHH, STEVE--HE'S CRASHED!
COME ON, LORELEI!
AS STEVE PULLS THE VICTIM FROM THE WRECKAGE...
I...I'M GOING...TO DIE! BUT...I'M AFRAID TO DIE... UNLESS I...CONFESS! LISTEN...I HIRED...SOMEONE...TO KILL FRED GRAVES... TONIGHT! GRAVES WORKS FOR...RESEARCH POLL! WARN HIM..
WHAT?!

ABRUPTLY, THE MAN'S HEAD ROLLS BACK LIMPLY...
DEAD! AND HE DIDN'T EVEN LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE US THE HIRED KILLER'S NAME!
BUT IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR US TO WARN FRED GRAVES, THE INTENDED VICTIM!
LATER--AT THE HOME OF THE PRESIDENT OF RESEARCH POLL, INC...
FRED GRAVES? HE'S ON A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT TONIGHT--TAKING A POLL OF NIGHT WORKERS AND THEIR FAVORITE ALL-NIGHT DISC JOCKEY PROGRAM!
WHERE WOULD HE BE NOW?
ALMOST ANYWHERE IN BIG TOWN! HE HAS A LIST OF OVER A HUNDRED PEOPLE TO INTERVIEW, BUT HE WON'T NECESSARILY TAKE THE NAMES IN ORDER!
HMMM! THAT'S BAD! BUT WE'VE GOT TO CONTACT HIM SOMEHOW! FIRST, LET ME HAVE A DUPLICATE LIST OF THOSE NAMES, PLEASE!
SOON AFTER, STEVE BRIEFS HIS GOOD FRIEND, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN...
I'LL HAVE PROWL CARS ON THE LOOKOUT IN THESE VICINITIES!
GOOD! MEANWHILE, INSPECTOR, I'M GOING TO FOLLOW UP ON THE NAMES LISTED HERE! WITH LUCK, I MAY RUN INTO GRAVES SOMEWHERE!
ONE HOUR LATER! ELSEWHERE...
PACKY, YOU GOTTA CALL OFF THE JOB I STEERED YOUR WAY! COOMBS IS DEAD!
BUT IT DON'T CHANGE THINGS! THE CUSTOMER PAID IN ADVANCE--SO I GOT TO DELIVER!
BUT WHY? WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO? COOMBS IS DEAD! SO WHY TAKE THE RISK--?
BECAUSE IT'S BAD FOR MY BUSINESS IF I DON'T FINISH THE JOB! I BUILD UP A REP THAT WAY! GRAVES GETS BUMPED--AND IF STEVE WILSON GETS IN MY WAY HE GETS BUMPED, TOO!

UNAWARE HE IS THE OBJECT OF AN INTENSE MAN-HUNT, FRED GRAVES IS AT WORK SAMPLING THE OPINION OF THE PEOPLE WHO WORK WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS...
NOW, SIR, ON YOUR JOB AS NIGHT WATCHMAN, WHAT ALL-NIGHT DISC JOCKEY PROGRAM DO YOU PREFER?
THE LARRY RAY SHOW, I GUESS! 'COURSE, LARRY RAY DON'T PLAY MUCH MUSIC--JUST TALKS A LOT--BUT HE'S MIGHTY INTERESTING!
AND ELSEWHERE...
NO, MR. WILSON--I HAVEN'T BEEN INTERVIEWED BY ANY POLL-MAN YET!
WELL, IF HE DOES COME HERE, HAVE HIM CALL POLICE HEADQUARTERS! THERE IS A KILLER LOOKING FOR HIM!
IN A HOTEL LOBBY, SOON AFTER...
GRAVES AIN'T INTERVIEWIN' THE DESK CLERK! I'LL TRY THE TICKET GUY AT THE BUS TERMINAL! HE'S THE NEXT NAME ON THE LIST COOMBS GAVE ME!
TEN MINUTES LATER--AS THE HIRED GUNMAN MOUNTS THE BUS RAMP LEADING TO THE TICKET OFFICE...
NO, MR. WILSON, THIS MR. GRAVES YOU MENTIONED HAGN'T BEEN AROUND HERE YET!
TICKET
WILSON! THAT SNOOPER CAN QUEER THE JOB FOR ME! MAYBE I'LL MAKE IT EASY FOR MYSELF AND PUT HIM AWAY FIRST!
MEANWHILE, ADJUSTING HER HAIRDO, LORELEI GLIMPSES...
NORTHBOUND Busses
OHH! A GUNMAN! STEVE! LOOK OUT!
MISSED! THE GUY'S CARRYIN' HORSE-SHOES!
CRACK! BAM! BLAM!


H RLING, THE F GHTING NEWSPAPER-
MAN DEFIES THE BLASTING GUN, BUT IT
IS A LASHING FOOT THAT FINALLY BATTERS
HIM BACK...
YOU MUST BE THE KIL—
THIS GUY WILSON NEVER GIVES UP! I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES OF BEING STALLED HERE BY HIM! A PROWL COP MIGHT'VE HEARD THE SHOTS!
BAM!
NORTHBOUND
IN MY BUS NESS YOU GOT TO KNOW HOW TO KEEP ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THE LAW! SO LONG, WILSON-- YOUR LUCKY STAR WAS SHINING TONIGHT! BUT I'LL SEE YOU LATER!
LATER--THE BUS IS FOUND--EMPTY!
STEVE, IT'S NO USE LOOKING FOR THE KILLER! YOUR ARM'S HURT--YOU NEED MEDICAL ATTENTION!
OKAY, LORELE!--AND WHILE I'M AT IT, I CAN CHECK ON ANOTHER NAME ON THE LIST!
FOR SALE
NORTHBOUND
SOON AFTER, A BIG TOWN HOSPITAL...
YOU'RE TOO LATE, MR. WILSON! GRAVES INTERVIEWED ME ABOUT TEN MINUTES AGO AND LEFT!
OH, NO!
LORELE!, WE'RE GOING TO PART COMPANY NOW! I WANT YOU TO VISIT EACH BIG TOWN RADIO STATION AND HAVE EVERY ALL-NIGHT DISC JOCKEY BROADCAST AN ALARM!
SWELL IDEA, STEVE--GRAVES IS BOUND TO HEAR THE WARNING SOMEWHERE WHILE HE'S TAKING THE POLL!
OH, STEVE--PLEASE BE CAREFUL! DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES IF YOU RUN INTO THAT KILLER AGAIN!
EASY, LORELE!--NO TEARS OR I'LL PUT YOU TO WORK ON A SOB SISTER COLUMN!
5

LATER, IN THE STUDIO OF DANNY DAWN'S "DAWN PATROL" PROGRAM ...
NOW HERE'S A REQUEST FOR A BLUES PLATTER BY ETHEL LAMPY OF FOURTH STREET! I-- WHOA! HOLD EVERYTHING--GUESS WHO JUST WALKED IN! LORELEI KILBOURNE, MY FAVORITE FEMALE SCRIBE!
AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT IN AN ALL-NIGHT DINER...
NOW, SIR, JUST WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE DISC JOCKEY PROGRAM
DANNY, I'D LIKE TO USE YOUR MICRO-PHONE TO GIVE A MAN A WARNING THAT HIS LIFE IS IN DANGER!
BUT FRED GRAVES IS NEVER TO HEAR LORELEI'S BROADCAST WARNING--FOR A SUDDEN BLARE OF RAUCOUS MUSIC DROWNS OUT HER VOICE...
WHAT DID YOU SAY, SIR?
I SAID I ENJOY LISTENING TO DANNY DAWN'S PROGRAM--THAT INFERNAL JUKE BOX IS PLAYING SO LOUD I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF THINK!
MEANWHILE, A KILLER STILL STALKS THE STREETS...
I'M JUST WALKIN' MY LEGS OFF FOR NUTHIN'! GRAVES COULD BE ANYPLACE--MAYBE IN A PLACE I JUST LEFT! WHAT I GOTTA DO IS MAKE HIM COME TO ME!
AN HOUR LATER...
AHOY, THERE! I'M FRED GRAVES! IF YOU'RE MR. NICK RUSSELL, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU!
WHY, IT AIN'T NO TROUBLE AT ALL--NO TROUBLE AT ALL! ASK AWAY!


AS THE KILLER RAISES HIS GUN--THE SHARP CLACK OF FOOTFALLS ECHOES HOLLOWLY IN THE QUIET OF THE HOUR...
I'M MAKING A SURVEY FOR RESEARCH POLL, INCORPORATED AND--
SOMEBODY COMIN' THIS WAY! CAN'T RISK A SHOT NOW! MIGHT BE A COP!
CLICK CLACK CLICK CLAC
I'LL PUT HIM ON ICE--LIKE I DID THE OWNER OF THIS BOAT, WHO WAS ON HIS LIST--AND TAKE CARE OF HIM LATER!
AFTER THE KILLER DRAGS GRAVES' UNCONSCIOUS FORM INTO THE CABIN, HE TURNS TO STARE AT THE APPROACHING NEWCOMER...
STEVE WILSON--!
MR. RUSSELL? I'M FROM THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS! I'D LIKE TO KNOW IF A MAN NAMED GRAVES HAS VISITED YOU TONIGHT!
KNOWING STEVE WILSON HAS NEVER SEEN HIS FACE, THE CALLOUSED KILLER SAVORS AND DELIBERATELY PROLONGS THIS MOMENT OF TRIUMPH...
GRAVES?
THE TWO OF THEM--WILSON AND GRAVES--RIGHT HERE WITH ME! TWO SITTING DUCKS JUST WAITING TO BE PICKED OFF!
THEN, ASTONISHINGLY, BEFORE THE KILLER CAN YANK A TRIGGER...
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SHAKEN HANDS WITH ME! THAT GAVE YOU AWAY!
A DREDGE FISHERMAN'S HANDS ARE SCARRED AND LEATHERY FROM HAULING IN DREDGE NETS--BUT YOURS DON'T HAVE A SINGLE CALLOUS!

GRINNING WOLFISHLY, THE KILLER AIMS A CRUEL BLOW AT THE REPORTER...
HOW'S YOUR WOUNDED ARM, WILSON? HURT?
FOR A PRECIOUS MOMENT, STEVE STANDS NUMBED, ALMOST FAINTING FROM THE INTENSE PAIN, AS THE GUNMAN PICKS UP A BOATHOOK AND...
CHEER UP, WILSON--I'M GONNA PUT YOU OUT O' YOUR MISERY RIGHT NOW!
BUT WITH A LAST-DITCH EFFORT, STEVE WHIPS UP HIS KNOTTED LEFT FIST...
GOT...TO... STOP HIM!
YOU WON'T BE...FREE TO WALK BIG TOWN'S STREETS...ANYMORE!
LATER, AFTER THE KILLER HAS BEEN JAILED AND THE BOAT OWNER FREED...
STRANGE, ISN'T IT? EXCEPT FOR THE NIGHT WORKERS, MOST OF THE CITY IS STILL ASLEEP! PEOPLE WON'T KNOW WHAT A HECTIC NIGHT IT'S BEEN UNTIL THEY READ THE MORNING PAPERS!
THE END

Newspaper ITEMS

THE NUMBER OF STARS PRINTED NEAR THE DATE-LINE OF A NEWSPAPER INDICATES A *NEW EDITION* OF THAT DAY'S PAPER. THE FIRST EDITION USUALLY APPEARS WITH NO STARS--BUT AS SUBSEQUENT EDITIONS APPEAR THAT DAY, A NEW STAR IS ADDED.

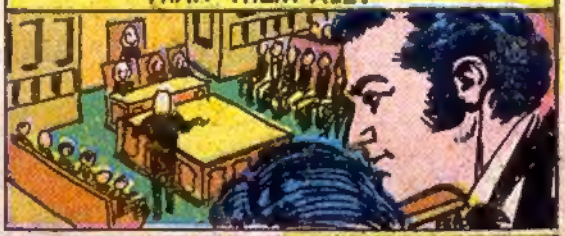
MONDAY, AUGUST, 6, 1951 ★ *NOON EDITION*

MONDAY, AUGUST, 6, 1951 ★★ *WALL STREET FINAL*

MONDAY, AUGUST, 6, 1951 ★★★ *SPORTS FINAL*

THE MODERN NEWSPAPER IS BELIEVED TO HAVE HAD ITS ORIGIN ALMOST 400 YEARS AGO WHEN THE VENETIAN GOVERNMENT SOLD HANDWRITTEN NEWSSHEETS TO THE PUBLIC FOR THE PRICE OF A SMALL COIN--*GAZETTA*. (THIS IS THE DERIVATION OF THE ENGLISH WORD *GAZETTE*--MEANING NEWSPAPER.)

IN OLDEN DAYS, THE PEOPLE WERE CONSIDERED TO BE DIVIDED INTO THREE CLASSES -- OR ESTATES; CLERGY-NOBILITY-COMMONS. ABOUT 200 YEARS AGO, THE BRITISH STATESMAN AND ORATOR, EDMOND BURKE, SPEAKING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, SINGLED OUT THE NEWSPAPERMEN PRESENT AS REPRESENTING THE *"FOURTH ESTATE,* MORE IMPORTANT THAN THEM ALL."



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